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Pro-Slavery.

THE METHODIST PRO-SLAVERY CREED.

[The national organ of the Northern Methodist Church, the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, having endeavoured to fortify itself by certain quotations from Chevalier Bunsen, sums up its pro-slavery creed as follows:]

We do not believe that the slaveholders in the country are as easily irritated by frank Christian discussion of their dark point as M. Bunsen thinks. In fact, it is very seldom tried upon them. The lecturers administered are commonly rather rude and impertinent than "frank," and, in temper and tone, are anything else than Christian. It is no wonder that Southern men have become impatient of all "discussion," which consisted in dogmatic assertion, boisterous declamation, and vehement vituperation; and, truth to say, this is the substance of most of the papers addressed to them on slavery. The fact is, very few of these are intended to be read by slaveholders. The writers know perfectly well that those to whom they are ostensibly written will not read them, and therefore they are not so constructed as to influence the Southern mind. Such a paper as that of Chevalier Bunsen's would be read, and thoughtfully read, everywhere in the South, and would meet with fair consideration. Should the learned author ever visit that region of country, he will find that his opinions and sentiments are very commonly held by the better class of slaveholders; and that, whatever may be the bitterness of the law, the administration of slavery, by Christian masters, is as mild as circumstances will permit. Public opinion is always in advance of law. But the harsh, unnecessarily harsh, laws, ought to be rescinded. As long as they remain on the statute-books they will be naturally considered fair definitions of the system they regulate. The worst of all the details of slavery is the separation of husbands and wives, parents and young children. Three-fourths of the sorrows of the slave grow directly or indirectly out of this forced separation. The public opinion of the South is decidedly against it. A large majority of owners shrink from it, and, where it is inevitable, bitterly deplore it. One of the large slaveholding States has legislated decidedly against it, and we are glad to notice that a movement toward the same end has been made in another. It only requires that our Southern friends shall act independently of improper external influence, and the thing will be done. We believe that they would do very much to alleviate slavery but for the fear that such action would be considered a concession to the Abolitionists, and would stimulate them to greater violence. But there should be in the South independence enough to attend to their own business, and do what they consider right. If they will not permit outsiders to govern them directly, neither should they suffer such to control them indirectly. The speedy emancipation of the slave population is out of the question. It is idle to talk about it. The North must and will abandon hope of it. They are now abandoning it, for they see that it is impossible. But a great deal can be done to better the system, and effort in this direction will be active in proportion as the dread of a sudden emancipation shall pass from the minds of the masters. We think that our Southern people have been remiss in this matter. The humane majorities have permitted themselves to be controlled by the harsher and fiercer minorities, armed with weapons wrested from the Abolitionists.

We believe that negro slavery will ultimately be abolished; gradually, insensibly almost, it will give way under the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. It can no more be preserved by legislation than can the Winter's snow that covers our field be rendered permanent by law. But, for aught we can see, emancipation will be a very gradual, a very slow process. Perhaps, as God sees, it is better that it should be so. But if it is to endure for years to come, it becomes all immediately concerned to make it, as far as possible, tolerable to the slave, and as little as possible detrimental to the master. In the meantime, the proposition virtually made by our ardent anti-slavery friends, to withdraw the Gospel and the Church from the slaveholders until they spontaneously bring forth the perfect fruits of righteousness, is a bull worthy of the greenest son of Erin.

A "FIRE-EATER" ON THE UNION.

[A correspondent of *The Charleston* (S. C.) *Standard* thus reports a speech of a Fire-Eater, one James D. Treadwell, at a Kansas meeting at Columbia.]

"I AM unfit, Mr. Chairman, under the impressions which I entertain, to say anything in connection with the affairs of Government, or with the questions upon which we came here to act. It was assigned to me to second these resolutions, but I do not think it worth while, under the circumstances, to say what I had prepared. And in the few words I shall speak, I will set out by saying that, for the present condition of things throughout the whole country, and for the present political aspect of affairs in Kansas, it is the Government—the odious and abominable Government at Washington—that is responsible. That is the channel through which have come all the evils we have hitherto suffered, and through which all the calamities which are yet to come are to be poured in desolation upon the South.

"There is no hope that anything will ever be done for us, unless all connection with that abominable Government is severed; and the only thing in the present condition of affairs in Kansas, that excites enthusiasm in me is, the prospect that this connection may be severed, and the South once more stand forth free and disenthralled. Our affairs in connection with that Government have been getting worse and worse, with the rise of every sun, for the last thirty-five years, and especially for the last quarter of a century. Not only aggression, but corruption has come upon us with equal pace. There is not a single politician connected with that Government upon whom the South can rely. It is not that the men whom we send there were not good men and true. They had not, it is true, that mighty intellect which shed a lustre over the whole country; they had not the splendid talents of Hayne, Calhoun and McDuffie; but when they went there, they were good and true men, full of Southern patriotism, and ready to make exhibitions of it in any sense, and upon any occasion whatever. But—and I make the declaration unterrified—whether from home or abroad, they have been seduced, and they have bound themselves to the car of Federal power.

"The Government has done this work. This odious Union has carried on and effected this work! I repeat it—and I speak from the record—there is not a man in either branch of Congress, neither representative nor senator, upon whom the South can rely! What are their hopes—the hopes of the bravest spirits, if there be any brave spirits there? I speak from what I know—their hope is not that this Union will be disrupted by a struggle upon the borders of Kansas. They know that the thing will be so managed by the Government, that intrigue and chicanery will so effectually do the work that the South will have no chance to stand up for their rights with rifles in their hands. Send your men to Kansas, and my word for it, there will be no fight, though it may have this good effect—to frighten off the hordes of Abolitionism. They themselves have given up all hope, whatever they intend politically.

"Look at the South in the public prints—at that functionary who says that, though it is not desirable, yet it is settled that the South must be represented in the Cincinnati Convention. I remember his words so well that I can almost quote them. [Quotes from the recent letter of Judge Butler upon the representation of the State in the Cincinnati Convention.] What does this indicate? It indicates that the tide of public events has borne with such force about her as to lift up South Carolina from her position—her high and strong position—a promontory against the beating waters. It will do more. Within less than a senatorial term of six years, South Carolina and the whole South will have abandoned the whole question of contest—will have submitted to the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, and the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. And upon what ground? Upon the ground that we have the assurance from the Abolition party, now in possession of the Government, that the institution of slavery shall remain, intact within the borders of these States where it now exists.

"When we look at the Government, we must take a practical view of it. The whole is unsafe and unwise in all its sections and branches. Some say that it is not responsible for the present condition of affairs, but that that is attributable to sectional agitation. They say we have a conservative Senate, which will take care of our rights. They tell us that we have a President—that President Pierce is the best man the South ever had, and that we ought to go to Cincinnati and give him the re-nomination. I would vote for President Pierce, but, though I would do this, I ask what has he ever done, except what he has done upon paper? What is the ground of reliance upon him, except what was once set up for Martin Van Buren, who was supported because he wrote orthodox messages, and spoke theoretically in glowing terms of the rights of the sovereign States?

"But not to pursue this further, I come to the immediate subject before me, and I must say that I have but slight hope of any good to result from it. I do not desire, however, to abate any of the enthusiasm of this meeting, but I do not believe with the illustrious gentleman whose letters have been read to us, that when it comes to the pinch the question must be decided by voting. There is no chance on earth for the South when it comes to votes. The only chance is to assist Gen. Atchison in the way of men and means for fighting. If there is not a fight before the meeting of the Convention to prepare a Constitution for Kansas, the Union will be preserved. But I concur in the expediency and propriety of the resolutions. They may effect good, if any good can be done, and, therefore, I second them."

Selections.

A SUIT FOR FREEDOM IN CALIFORNIA.

IS A SLAVE FREED BY TAKING HIM INTO A FREE STATE?

OPINION OF JUDGE HAYS.

Before Hon. Benj. Hays, Judge of 1st Judicial District, California.

At Chambers, Jan. 28, 1856, on Habeas Corpus.

IN this case, the benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus* is sought for fourteen persons of colour, namely, Hannah (aged 34 years), and Biddy (38), and their children, to wit: Ann (17), Lawrence (12), Nathaniel (10), Jane (8), Charles (6), Marion (4), Martha (2), an infant boy (two weeks)—all children of Hannah; Mary (2 years), child of said Ann; Ellen (17), Ann (12), Harriet (8)—children of Biddy.

The petition states that they are free, having been brought into the State of California in the year 1851 (in the Fall, it seems), by Robert Smith, who has resided here with them ever since, and now holds them in servitude, and is about to remove to the State of Texas, carrying them with him into slavery. The defendant's return to the writ alleges that, in Mississippi, he owned as slaves Hannah, Ann, Lawrence and Nathaniel, and Biddy and her three children above named; he left that State for Utah Territory; Jane was born in Missouiri (Illinois?), Charles in Utah Territory, and the other four in California.

They left Mississippi with their own consent, rather than remain there, and he has supported them ever since, subjecting them to no greater control than his own children, and not holding them as slaves; it is his intention to remove to Texas and take them with him; Hannah and her children are well disposed to remain with him, and the petition was filed without their knowledge and consent; "it is understood," he adds, "between said Smith and said persons that they will return to said State of Texas with him voluntarily, as a portion of his family."

All were brought up by warrant, except Hannah, who was shown to be sick, Lawrence engaged in waiting on her, and Charles, absent in San Bernardino County, but within this Judicial District. The case was submitted, as if all were present, under the statute, and judgment rendered on the return, in substance, that all said persons are free; and, for their greater safety, those under twenty-one years of age were placed in custody of the Sheriff of this County, as special guardian, except Charles, who was by a warrant placed in like manner in charge of the Sheriff of San Bernardino County; other orders were being made to secure this temporary disposition from any unauthorized interference. The two mothers were also finally put under charge of the Sheriff of this County, for their protection. The reasons for this decision were given fully, with which, it is just to him to add, the defendant then seemed to be content.

The case has since come up again upon the report of the Sheriff, and affidavits, showing cause for a warrant of attachment, which was accordingly issued against one Hartwell Cottrell, belonging to defendant's party now on the move for Texas, for contempt in attempting to induce two of said minors to leave the Sheriff's custody, etc., and upon his answer to that charge.

In order to avoid misconception in any quarter, it may be proper to review the grounds of said decision, and of the present proceeding. The question is mainly of fact, because the law is plain.

The argument in favour of Smith, at the trial, did not rest on a right, as their owner, to take these persons to Texas. The right is expressly disavowed by him. They did not come here before the admission of the State into the Union, and, if they had, the law has expired which provided for the deportation of persons of colour in that predicament. No such right could be set up under the Constitution. "*Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude*, unless for the punishment of crimes, *shall ever be tolerated in this State*" (Art. I. § 18).

An enactment of the sovereign people, which at once emancipates every slave introduced into the State voluntarily by his owner. We are, therefore, relieved from the distressing embarrassments of former cases, arising out of the struggle of the Legislature and the Courts to reconcile the letter of the Constitution and of the system of municipal law which it superseded with the comity considered to be due to our brethren of the slave States. We have carried comity—and it may have been a sense of duty—to the full length towards the sister States of the South. Whatever may be said of other free States, there is no reasonable cause of complaint against California. Having done so much for compromise and harmony, the Courts may now fall back upon the Constitution, and maintain it in full vigour, to the extent of their jurisdiction.

Although, then, there ought to be no difficulty in the matter in hand, it is not to be disguised that, in some vague manner, a sort of right is asserted over at least a portion of the petitioners. It is styled a guardianship, likened to "patriarchal" rule, and by a few strenuously insisted upon—so much so as to incommode and obstruct a public officer in the discharge of his duty.

The history of slavery, as displayed in a portion of the Union, is seldom the dark picture painted by fanaticism. There is no reason to dispute the kindness of the defendant in his former treatment of the petitioners, as their master; nor does it appear that the two parties have not since lived agreeably together. They have doubtless been of mutual advantage here; and their labour, which he has enjoyed, probably remunerated him for the "*support*" given them; at any rate, as he must have had everything his own way, he might have been well remunerated, looking at the urgent wants of this country for domestic servants. On this score, their accounts may be deemed fairly balanced.

It may be admitted that he has the ordinary qualifications, and, under other circumstances than the present, might be the guardian of those under twenty-one years of age. *If he were going to continue his residence in California*, he might retain the care of them; and, *perhaps*, receive unmolested the fruits of their labour, as others are doing with Indians, and, occasionally, with persons of colour—for, in default of a good law of apprenticeship, the law of guardianship has been liberally construed in this section of the State. Still, a legitimate guardianship, duly restricted, he could not demand of *absolute right*.

Such is the confusion hanging around this anomalous claim, that, in passing, the law governing this subject may be referred to more distinctly. The mothers of these minors would be entitled to their guardianship, "if competent to manage their own business, and not otherwise unsuitable" (Comp. Laws, p. 155, § 5). No guardianship, in itself, is so sacred as this. There must be strong reasons to disregard the claim of nature, even with persons of the class to which the petitioners belong.

"But," it is said, "they have not consented to this petition; on the other hand, their free and anxious wish is, to accompany the defendant in his new migration." This is the gist of his return, and none will say that it ought not to be scrutinized closely; none will say so who have had any experience with this class of people. Such a proposition—implying a deliberate desire to return to slavery—ought to be established to the highest degree of certainty. It is not consistent with our knowledge of the human heart. Remember, it is not the gratification of mere feeling that is involved, but the dearest interests for life, and for unborn generations, of fourteen persons, all of them minors, save two, and these last possessing very imperfect capacity, and till now little aid, to comprehend their interests or their rights. Their condition invokes the tenderest consideration of those who have to administer the laws, and, in truth, invites the sympathy of all generous men. Much that pertains to this inquiry has been *acted* in the presence of the Court by the parties, and could not be overlooked in forming a judgment.

Before proceeding further, we should bear in mind the statute of this State concerning the crime of Kidnapping. (Comp. Laws, p. 646, § 54, 55.) It is the chief means provided by the Legislature to preserve inviolate the personal liberty of the inhabitants. The crime is so repugnant to the ideas of modern civilization, that it is presumable every slave State stamps its perpetrator with ignominy. The punishment is, confinement in the State prison not less than one, nor more than ten years, for every person kidnapped, *or attempted to be kidnapped*. The offence is consummated in two ways—by *force* or by *fraud*.

It is done under section 54:

First, by "every person who shall forcibly steal, *take* or arrest *any* man, *woman or child*, whether white, *black or coloured*, or any Indian, *in this State*, and *carry him into another country*, State or territory;" or,

Secondly, "who shall forcibly take or arrest any person or persons whatsoever with a design to take him out of this State, without having established a claim according to the laws of the United States."

Section 55 reads as follows:

"Every person who shall hire, *persuade*, entice, decoy or seduce *by false promises, misrepresentations, and the like*, any *negro, mulatto or coloured person, to go out of this State*, or to be taken or removed therefrom, for the purpose, and *with the intent to* sell such negro, etc., into slavery or involuntary servitude, or *otherwise employ him or her to his own use, or the use of another, without the free will and consent of such negro*, etc., shall be deemed to have committed the crime of kidnapping and be punished," etc.

Undoubtedly, those over twenty-one years of age may be indulged their caprice as to their destination *in the absence of force or fraud*. It does not necessarily follow that they can make their children victims of such caprice. If a woman might deliberately surrender herself to slavery; she could not carry her offspring to the same fate. It is the first grand thought of the Constitution—LIBERTY IS INALIENABLE! (Art. 1, § 1) That inestimable blessing cannot be sold away from the free, without his fault; it cannot become the gift of another's prodigal prodigality. If the mothers may change their residence in the issue of legal consequences, and free will or sound judgment can be attributed to an act of choice ending in slavery, [illegible] volition, as to residence, can be manifested by the babe of a month, or children from eight to twelve years? or, in this class, at even a later age? They merely follow obedient to their mother, of which the testimony affords a simple and touching illustration. (A) None of them, therefore, participate in this alleged consent.

Where, then, is the evidence of "voluntary" consent, on the part of any of the petitioners?

The presumption—rather the direct proof—to the contrary, arising from the existence of the petition at all, is not rebutted by the mere asseveration of the defendant. Both petition and return had to be under oath; thus resulted an issue for trial. If advantageous for him to show that the petition was filed without their consent, it could be no hardship to devolve, as the law did, on him, the duty of shewing it affirmatively. They were before the Court, and could have been publicly called upon in person. They had been kept a day or more from intercourse with any who could influence them—an arrangement calculated to be more prejudicial to them than to him, for it left them isolated from even the kindly glance of sympathy. And their confinement (necessarily) in the public jail—as they could not comprehend the reason—might well have inspired them with distrust for their applications, and drawn from their fears an answer favourable to his objects. If there was other proof, that they had hinted to one human being their dissent from the petition, he ought to have offered it; no such testimony was produced, and it is to be inferred that there was no legal proof against the petition, and the *speaking silence* of the petitioners.

Such temerity in the neglect of proof is a striking incident in this trial, and suggests that reliance has not been entirely on the administration of justice, in its ordinary course—an idea encouraged by another occurrence on the second morning, that is not to be passed by unnoticed. This was a motion to dismiss the proceedings, based on a note from the petitioners' attorney to the attorney on the opposite side, in these words: "I, as attorney for the petitioners, being no longer authorized to prosecute the writ, and being discharged by the same, and the parties who are responsible to me, decline further to prosecute the matter." The author of this note being subpœnaed and examined, deposed that the affiant to the petition, stating that he had been threatened by some person (whose name was not disclosed) requesting him to abandon the suit; affiant originally promised to pay $500; the attorney agreed to do so, upon the affiant's securing him $100, in addition to the $100 already paid him by the affiant; but the attorney had not advised with the petitioners themselves, and had not informed them of this, or consulted their wishes.

Subsequently, however, the attorney filed a *brief* of his argument in the cause. The motion was overruled. Any citizen can understand how disastrous it might be to his rights and interests pending in the courts, if such a precedent in an attorney were approved and practised on. No attorney can desert his clients at his own pleasure, without good reason therefor, and fair notice to them. The payment of a fee by a third person does not constitute him a party to the suit. However charitably inclined to aid the real parties in this proceeding, the affiant was not one of the parties, and had no more to do with it than any other stranger, particularly after the writ had been executed, the parties all before the Court, and the cause in progress of trial. As well might the witness before a grand jury assume to dismiss an indictment for felony.

It is possible—yet strange, if possible—that the defendant had nothing to do with (to say the least) an ill-advised stratagem to frustrate the beneficence of this writ. His attorney for him denied anterior knowledge of it. He had the benefit of the denial, in one view that might have been taken of it. In itself—if he were believed to have been privy to it—the act would be incompatible with an innocent intention. It has too much the air of force. It gives room for a painful suspicion. If a respectable attorney could so far forget himself, when morally certain that force was at the bottom of it, what should we not expect to find operating amongst persons of a degraded caste, once slaves, ignorant of our laws, without money and almost without friends, their fears and hopes alike at the mercy of one they had ever looked up to with implicit obedience?

Thus much may be said: Whatever wish they might have to appeal for redress to the Courts, would, for the most part, be concealed from the defendant, and very cautiously communicated to those who might assist them. It would be prudent, in a degree, to "keep their own counsel." Nothing wonderful, if their exigencies made them play the hypocrite—they who have the name of free for eight years now past, still remained slaves practically to every intent and purpose. But not a whisper from them indicative of a willingness to go with the defendant has there been an effort to prove—menace only and force! It might be asked, Where were the numerous members of his family or his neighbours, if the sequel did not admonish that it would have been exceedingly dangerous to have had recourse to such witnesses, with an exercise of the right of cross-examination belonging to the vilest criminal? An extraordinary cause in a land where all are proclaimed free, and where the panopoly of the law covers the weak and the poor, alike with rich and strong. Extraordinary, indeed, if the complaining voice of *lawful* freedom cannot be heard, to which the magnanimity of no slave State I am acquainted with would altogether turn a deaf ear.

Under such circumstances, let us look into the return, this being the sole evidence on his behalf.

It is remarkable that he does not pretend that *Biddy* and her three children are "well-disposed" to remain with him. They are excluded from this "voluntary" arrangement; he cannot, therefore, reasonably claim any further control over them. If Hannah only is "well-disposed," Biddy must be averse and opposed to it, by his own showing. The petition, then, has the unequivocal consent of four of the petitioners from the tacit admission of his return. And it has been shown that none of the children of Hannah can be lawfully conveyed by her into a state of bondage. Any third person had the right to file the petition for them (Comp. Laws, p. 167, § 1, 2); and it would be folly to talk of "consent" on their part. This is a broad step towards clearing up the mystery.

How about this distinction between the mothers? Why is *Hannah* so "well-disposed?" Why is Biddy so reluctant? How is it with Biddy, in fact? She is the oldest of the petitioners. For the purpose of testing the state of her mind—after the course pursued by their attorney—a question was framed, and, with defendant's acquiescence, addressed to her, the judge only and two disinterested gentlemen, Hon. Abel Stearnes and Dr. J. B. Winston being present. (B) Hannah is entitled to Biddy's answer: "I have always done what I have been told to do; I always feared this trip to Texas, since I first heard of it." Laying no stress on her further answer, for its intrinsic weight—"Mr. Smith told me I would be just as free in Texas as here"—why has she "*feared this trip to Texas?*" Instinct must have taught her that she might be made a slave; very little reflection could be necessary to discover it.

Now, did defendant never tell them what Biddy says? Must it not have been discussed often and again in this family? Is it not the very subject they would most naturally talk over day in and day out? When Smith himself declares, "*It is understood between us* that they are *not* to be *slaves*, but *only* members of my family" (for this is the substance), what does it mean, if it does not mean that he had *promised* them they would be "just as free in Texas" as here? This understanding could hardly be effected by a pantomimic scene between the parties. On Biddy, it is clear, the artful promise made no impression. And, looking at their intimate relations, in a common servitude, this important *fact* does not argue much for the truthfulness of his *statement* as to Hannah. Every hope must meet a kindred terror in their hearts. Why, then, conduct so different? On such a point, skepticism is a virtue. Charity may hesitate to accuse of wilful perversion; Justice will not blindly confide in unsupported representations. Be it said in his favour, She may have yielded to over-persuasion, and importunity extorted a semblance of conviction, construed to authorize his oath to consent; this is all. Never was she so completely deceived—not, if there be faith in maternal instinct. What is the power to lull and quiet apprehensions of a future so dark? How forget the experience of Slavery? There is the glorious instinct of Freedom! a bright torch ever to simplicity the most credulous.

The evidence, on the trial, does not tell precisely what influences have been brought to bear most upon her. Some things strongly point to actual duress; and, if a little bent by persuasion, the force of a feather might seal her lips. Turning from any harsher feature of the transaction, it is impossible to overlook that gentler violence—of over persuasion—so visibly at work amongst the petitioners, and which, with its purpose, is as utterly odious as physical force. The question is now narrowed down to Hannah. Conceding the utmost claimed, as to her consent, she is but the victim of a fatal delusion. No man of any observation in life, will believe, that it was ever true—this pleasant prospect of freedom in Texas! Her inclination at times has been as represented—she has been egregiously imposed upon, in her ignorance, by "false promises" and "misrepresentations;" the whole truth has been steadily concealed from her. Surely, this view does not improve the defendant's cause. Whether he has dealt most in this flattering illusion, or others have aided to fasten it upon her mind, can make no difference: the man Cottrell has been a clever adviser—and one of the most unscrupulous.

The dubious inquiry of her daughter Ann—"Will I be as free in Texas as here?" shows that craft had left some trace of the mischief which it failed to accomplish with the mothers, and evinces at the same time the mode of its operation. Hannah was not present at the trial, so as to speak for herself. From the evidence of the Sheriff (C), with the additional light derived from Henderson, Barnes and Carpenter, it is palpable that the petition had her knowledge and assent from the beginning. The cold replies when sickness at length permitted her to appear are accounted for, and, if she tells the truth, a humiliating spectacle is exhibited; and whether she be credited or not, as to the immediate cause of her hesitancy—not her silence (for her very hesitation spoke a volume)—she is entitled to be listened to when, *breathing freer*, she declares that she never wished to leave, and *prays* for protection.

To force her, or any of them, into the measure proposed, would be the detestable crime already defined. For justice to be essentially administered in the case, the act of *habeas corpus* furnishes ample remedies in the discretion which it confers (§ 16, 17) and which includes the powers exercised by Courts of Equity in the like circumstances. —*Forsyth on Infants*, § 60, 63, 64, 66, 78, 83.

To these principles resort was had in the judgment rendered, and the orders and process consequent thereon: which there is every solid reason for adhering to, until the petitioners can become settled and go to work for themselves—*in peace and without fear!* It is proper to add that, if there had been this petition or writ, the testimony, as the record now presents itself, would require the same dispositions, while it might call attention more closely to the bearing of the criminal laws upon the facts. It ought to satisfy him, to have held these petitioners as slaves, in fact, for so long a period, since they became free by his own voluntary act; without asking the privilege of removing them, against their will and the policy of our laws—as he would remove his cattle—to a State where their chance for freedom, in the precarious situation in which they will be placed, may be about as good as that of the dumb beasts which bear them on the journey. Can it be expected that the Courts will connive at and tolerate this wretched *speculation?*

The opinion entertained touching the intent of the defendant has been plainly intimated, and as mildly as the nature of the case will admit. Born and educated in one slave State and having always since resided in another, until I came to California, I ought to appreciate the kindly attachment that grows up between master and slave—a feeling often warmer and more durable with the master than the slave. Give him due credit for this; meanwhile where is *self-interest!* With not an over share of the world's goods (it seems some $500 and an outfit), and his own white family to maintain—is there not a stronger impulse beneath his "patriarchal" complacency, to incur the cost and toil of taking this number of negroes through a wilderness of two thousand miles? Still, it is not so important to distinguish the predominant motive, as to see *the inevitable result of his conduct on their rights.* Even without a bad intention, a man is not to be permitted to do a positive injury to others, when it can be prevented.

It is worthy of notice that those of the petitioners who were not born in Illinois, Utah Territory and California, originally came with defendant from Mississippi. They cannot be returned there as slaves, because the laws of that State prohibit the importation of slaves. If misfortune, or mere disappointment, drove a man from California—how natural to seek again the hearthstone and smile of old acquaintance and friendship! But, here would be a serious obstacle, if the aim were profit and gain. On the other hand, the laws of Texas forbid the importation of free negroes. These petitioners, therefore, cannot be lawfully carried there, *as free*. From the very beginning he could only hope to keep them—and must so hold them out to the world—in the character of slaves and *nothing but slaves*. If scruples of conscience opposed, he would be *constrained* to see them *sold*, for remaining within that State beyond the time fixed by law (probably six months).

Turn what way they may, the nets of legal chicanery, or of policy (if you please), are open to receive them; it being not the frailest cord to hold them—as may be imagined—that "if a slave *voluntarily* return to the domicile of his master, the laws of his domicile, and the state of slavery reattach" (2 Cal. Rep., 441). Did it never occur to him that *he* alone, not *they*, can possibly profit by an exposure to such dangerous experiments? And all these children, peradventure soon scattered to the four winds—when shall they begin to think of rights erewhile their own, from whose memory will have faded the very name of California! How hazardous to tamper with liberty! Well he knows what a mountain of obloquy and prejudice the injured slave must scale, to gain freedom. Nay, blame not the deed of "patriarchal" sincerity! Nevertheless, time will pass, and bring its varied changes in the cherished circle around him; and sad reverses may baffle his purest plans. He asks too much power. 'Tis a fearful temptation he courts, to do wrong himself; and for his children after him, to perpetuate what may never be made right—if it could be successful now.

If we may turn aside to contemplate the "signs of the times," and endeavour to foresee the destined course of agitations that shake the sacred altar of national liberty to its base—how long before stern necessities of the white race, unto the end of self-preservation, shall have forged heavier chains for the bondsmen of our country. Men may not everywhere, nor always—even now they do not—reason and legislate so justly as in the past days of sounder counsel and better feeling. They may not abide in moderation and wisdom, like the Supreme Court of Louisiana, in the interpretation of the precise language contained in our own Constitution.

"It warns owners of slaves in other States, removing into Ohio, to sell or leave them behind, if they are not intended to be emancipated, and promises emancipation to all slaves brought in, or permitted to be brought in, on their masters entering the State with the view of fixing their domicil in Ohio. . . . . .

"The Constitution emancipates, *ipso facto*, such slaves whose owners remove them into that State with the intention of residing there; the plaintiff having been voluntarily removed into that State, by her owner, the latter submitted himself with every member of his family, white and black, and every part of the property brought with him, to the operation of the Constitution and laws of the State; and, as according to them—slavery could not exist in his house—slavery did not exist there; and the plaintiff was accordingly as effectually emancipated, by the operation of the Constitution, as if by the act and deed of her former owner. She could not be free in one State, and a slave in another; her freedom was not impaired by his forcibly removing her into Kentucky to defeat her attempt to assert her freedom, nor by her subsequent removal, voluntary or forced, into this State." (2 Martin R., N.S., 401; as to Illinois, 2 L. R. 483.)

"*Preventing justice* is preferable to *punishing justice*"! This question is not to be deferred to the tribunals of other States. The lawful liberty of the humblest dweller on our soil, is a thing too precious to be left the sport of every contingency in human affairs. It is the duty of the Courts to see that the interests of these parties are properly guarded, and, above all other considerations, to provide that, under no specious pretext whatsoever, they are conveyed into bondage. Whatever prepossessions a man may have on the political or social controversies of the day, no true sentiment of "State rights"—if he reflect well—will consent to an evasion and violation of the Constitution of his State; all should have pride enough to wish to keep unimpaired the integrity of our own institutions—*until, if so be, we can adopt better.*

NOTES.

(A) A. J. HENDERSON.—"Defendant told me, in a private conversation, that several persons had offered him to help to get the petitioners by force—did not say whether he had consented thereto, or not; this was since the trial."

JAS. M. BARNES.—"I have lived with Smith, defendant; his three sons said, 'if their father had their grit, they would have the negroes that were taken from him on *habeas corpus* lately.' Defendant has started for Texas, with Whitney, Cottrell, and others; since the trial, Cottrell said, 'if Smith agreed, and she would go, he would take Ellen'; and Whitney said, 'it was right that Smith should have the negroes.' I understood them to allude to Hannah, Biddy, Ann and Ellen; if they can get their consent, they intend to take them on this trip, and are all now in Los Angelos, with the intention of looking round and feeling to see what the negroes have to say in relation to going. He sold his cattle for $2,000 and has about $500 left."

DR. A. H. COOPER.—"To-day, Cottrell & Meredith came to the house of Robert Owen, a coloured man, where the petitioners had been placed by the Sheriff; they repeatedly asked Ann and Ellen to go, stating that the wagons were ready; that they were as free as any one; that the judge had perjured himself by not having discharged them; that Smith did not want to take them away to bondage, and was not going away—he wanted to have them as well situated as when with him; if they wanted to go they should go, and if any one objected to it let him come forward, and they would show that they should go. When about leaving, Cottrell said, 'Old man Smith has plenty of money.' The other spoke up, saying, 'Yes, and by G—d he will see them out with it—he is not done with it yet; tell old Bob, if he has not anything to do with it, not to have, or he will be sorry for it.' Later, Smith's son came and took Ann out, and had a long conversation with her. Since, I met Cottrell and Smith's son returning to the house." (The petitioners, upon this, were removed to the jail.)

F. J. CARPENTER.—"As jailor, am entrusted, by the Sheriff, with seven of the petitioners, under age; last night found Cottrell and Smith's son at the jail; they brought a bottle of brandy for Ann; from their manœuvres, believe they came to carry off some of the children."

ANSWER OF H. COTTRELL.—Denies intention to persuade off petitioners; merely wished to take them to see their old mistress, who is in bad health and wishes to see them before leaving. The family are all reconciled to the disposition that has been made in the matter by the Court. I was out of the house when Meredith said—"Old Smith will see it out"; also heard him say—"Old Bob will be sorry for it"; he was drunk, or he would not have said it. I told the girls, yesterday, that if they wanted to go to Texas, as Mr. Smith had laid in provision for them, and they were free, they could go, according to law, as I thought—I did not say positively—I asked them to go out to the rancho—I don't think I asked to urge them to go to Texas with us—if I did, I forget it. I told her these words: The Sheriff tells you to stay here; if you start, it will be time enough for him to come forth and make his objections; I do not know whether you have the privilege of going or staying! I am one of the teamsters; if I go home to-night, we will start to-morrow (Sunday). (The Court remanded him to the custody of the Sheriff; having been allowed to go at large till Monday, he did not return!)

A. H. COOPER.—"Last Saturday, about sunset, Joseph Clark said to me that I must go to ——'s shop, and withdraw the affidavit made by me in this case—(above)—that it must be settled that night on Southern principles, or I would suffer for it. I told him the affidavit contained the truth. He then said: 'No one but a d—d Abolitionist could have made it, and there is a gang here joined together to swindle Smith out of his negroes.' After much violent abuse he jumped off his horse, saying: 'You are a d—d Abolitionist, too, and I would as soon blow your brains out as not.' He got his pistol half out—I stepped into the house. He then mounted his horse, saying, 'G— damn you, I will settle it with you before morning.' He then rode away. Last year he was a constable. Mr. —— has said nothing to me. The object, I believe, was to intimidate me from appearing as a witness."

(B) BIDDY.—"I have always done what I was told to do; *have always feared this trip to Texas, since I first heard of it;* Mr. Smith told me I would be just as free in Texas as here; I do not wish to be separated from my children, and do not in such case wish to go. ELLEN answers, she is willing to go whithersoever her mother goes; ANN says she wants to stay where her mother stays. ANN, daughter of Hannah, answers, that she does not wish to leave her child, and they knew her mother would rather die than go and leave her children. She asks as follows: 'If I go back to Texas, *will I be as free as here?*' And being told by the Judge that she might not be, she answers: 'I cannot say now whether to stay or go; I want to stay where my mother Hannah stays—if she stays, I want to stay—it is hard to be scattered so.'" (Responses to question of the Judge on January 18.)

(C) TESTIMONY OF SHERIFF.—"On the 24th instant, and again on the 25th instant, Hannah told deponent, that before she had been brought before the Judge (January 22), she had been compelled by the family of Robert Smith, and particularly by the wife of said Smith, to take an oath that she would state in Court, that it was her desire to return to Texas; and now she wanted to tell me, as Sheriff, that *such was not her real desire, but she wanted to stay in California and be protected by the law and the Courts;* having taken such an oath she felt compelled to observe it, and would have done so, if brought up in Court again, but *it was not her wish to return to Texas.* She requested me to see the Judge this morning, before she would be brought into Court, and explain her situation to the Judge. She did not state directly whether Robert Smith thus compelled her to take such an oath or not; the impression left on deponent by the statement is, that his wife most insisted upon her taking the oath. [She was not brought into Court again, and had appeared but once, to wit, January 22.]

POSITION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Extract from a letter of PARKER PILLSBURY to a friend in this country, dated Manchester (Eng.), 28th Feb., 1856.

IF Stephen Foster never gets further from the truth than when he calls the political Abolitionists the greatest obstacles to the spread of anti-slavery, he and I shall not very soon come to blows on that question. I have always said there were good men *in spirit* among them; I never censured them in my life without that abatement; and yet, both the old parties together do not make such loud and everlasting professions of regard for the Union as does that party; while we all pretend to believe, and continually preach, that the Union is the only hope for slavery; and more, that slavery can never be overthrown until that "covenant with death" is sundered forever. Even Joshua R. Giddings declared, in his famous speech before Mr. Banks was elected, "*I tell you of the South, you shall not dissolve this Union!*" And then, too, look at the editors of the New York *Independent*—the loudest braggers and brawlers for the Republican party—apologizing for the American Tract Society in its expurgation of its publications from all anti-slavery sentiments, and comparing George Thompson to John N. Maffit, while making its infamous excuses for the knavery of that bigoted conclave, and then publishing Mr. Garrison as "an infidel of the most degraded class," and me as "a foul-mouthed and reckless reviler," an "accuser of the brethren," the promulgator of "*huge falsehoods*," and more, a great deal, of the same sort! And then look at ninety-nine hundredths of all the ministers and church members of the party, joining in the cry of infidelity, and making our whole movement as odious as possible in both hemispheres! In Kansas, the party offered to *compromise* with the slaveholders and the "Border Ruffians," and to pass a law to exclude coloured people wholly from the Territory, if the slaveholders would not bring them there "as property." And thus onward, continually, are these men, in the good name of Anti-Slavery, doing that to impede our progress and to baffle our designs which no other people could do under heaven. And what the example and influence of the temperate drinkers are to the success of temperance, as compared with the reeling, loathsome drunkard, just that is the influence of the Free Soil party, as compared with the old parties, to the success of anti-slavery. Any other conclusion completely overturns all our pretensions and professions about the Union, as the vital force which upholds the slave system. If it be true that the slave system only goes down with the Union (and what could be more obvious?) then those who boast most of fidelity to the Union, no matter what their spirit, must be held responsible for slavery. And if to that they add all the foul abuse and slander which the leaders of the party are ever heaping upon the name and doings of Garrison and his friends, branding them as "infidels of the most degraded class," and blasting their influence in every possible way, it seems to me we have none of us too harshly judged them; and I of all others, when I have always admitted that, in heart and spirit, many of them may be true to the slave, and right in the sight of God. At any rate, you may be assured it will take argument and eloquence to induce me to any revolution of my opinion.

Some of our friends marvel that the New York *Independent* is so fraternal towards the New York *Observer* and Dr. Adams. But it seems to me still more remarkable that our papers, and some of our coadjutors, should be in such good odour with the *Independent* and many of the Republican party. I no more believe in the *Independent* than in the *Observer*—in Ward Beecher as a true Abolitionist than Bennett of the *Herald*. Some preachers and some

Court of Justice is good against a white man; he can purchase, sell and hold property, both real and personal, in his own name, and he can sign and execute any notarial act, deed, bill, or other legal instrument. Louisiana is the only tolerant and indulgent of this class of population of any other State in the Union.

These few facts which we gather from the census are perhaps enough for the general reader. They will serve to show how particularly interested the citizens of New Orleans are in this subject.

The entire population of this city in 1850, including Lafayette, was 133,650, divided as follows: 103,743 whites; 10,300 free coloured, and 19,607 slaves—showing that the free coloured was more than half as large as the entire slave population. The relative proportion of the free coloured population and the slaves in some of our Southern cities is deserving of attention and reflection. In Richmond, the free coloured stand to the slaves as 1 to 4 1-2; in Norfolk as 1 to 5; in Charleston as 1 to 6; in Savannah as 1 to 9; in Mobile as 1 to 9; while here in New Orleans it is more than 1 to 2.

"There are some other singular features in the census going to show to what extent this system is gradually permeating and extending itself; and how in this State and city, by a concatenation of circumstances, this class of our population has acquired a *status* and influence unknown in any other city, even in the Free States. Let our readers ponder upon the following comparisons. In the City of New York, with a population of over 600,000 souls, there are a little over 13,000 free coloured; while in New Orleans, with not over a fourth the population, we have the rise of 10,000 free coloured. The population of free coloured males to free coloured females in this city, is as 4 to 6. The mulattoes are to the blacks as 8 to 2.

"Of the free coloured population in New York City sixty were clerks, doctors, druggists, lawyers, merchants, ministers, printers and teachers, or one in about fifty-five; in New Orleans there were one hundred and sixty-five, or one in eleven, engaged in similar pursuits, which may be considered as requiring education. It will thus be seen that the free coloured population of New Orleans are acquiring an assimilation to the whites in edueation and influence (whether for good or evil, is the problem), superior to that of any other State or city, either in the slave or non-slaveholding States. It is a subject of study for the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the statesman."

THE BIBLE AND THE N. Y. OBSERVER.

INFIDEL CONVENTION.—The last number of Garrison's *Liberator* contains a call for a meeting in May next, in New York. The call denies the doctrine of the Divine authority of the Bible, and declares that it has no foundation in truth. It is intended to discuss this particular question, with the hope of bringing about its general abandonment everywhere. It is signed by the leading infidels of the country, among them a woman, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose. This is Garrisonian abolitionism gone to seed. Ten years ago, a pastor in Massachusetts said to us, The Abolitionists here say that if the Bible tolerates slavery, they will not believe the Bible: but as they know it does tolerate slavery, therefore they are obliged to reject the Bible. This is the mode of reasoning by which thousands have been made infidels.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The source whence this paragraph emanates renders any criticism upon it superfluous. If the New York *Observer* had been published in Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago, it would assuredly have been the organ of the Scribes and Pharisees of that day, and, consequently, would have denounced Jesus after their manner, as one guilty of blasphemy, and unfit to live. Its religion is that of the slave coffle, the chain-gang, the human slave mart, the plantation cultivated by unrequited toil, concubinage—the religion of moral degradation, of mental darkness, of drivers and bloodhounds, of whips and fetters, of slavehunting and slavecatching—the religion of popular injustice and all-prevailing scoundrelism; and, therefore, in view of its sanctimonious pretensions (as it has been rightly styled by an eminent philanthropist), "the wickedest paper in the United States." As genuine Protestantism knows nothing of papal infallibility, except to execrate it, who shall question the right of any man to "deny the doctrine of the Divine authority of the Bible," if he regard it as "having no foundation in truth"? And who, but a coward or a dissembler, will presume to put that doctrine beyond the pale of free inquiry and manly discussion? And what greater absurdity is there than to prate about "the DIVINE AUTHORITY of the Bible," seeing there is to be no interpreter of the book but the individual reason and conscience, and that this freedom fills all Christendom with rival sects and conflicting opinions? To advertise a call for a Convention to examine the claims of the Bible, and to which all are invited on equal terms, "is Garrisonian abolitionism gone to seed," is it? Very good seed it is, then; just such as the apostle sowed broadcast when he said, "It is a small thing to be judged of *man's* judgment"—therefore, "prove *all* things, but hold fast that which is good." But what has "Garrisonian *abolitionism*," as such, to do with the call referrred to? NOTHING, as the *Observer* well knows; it is as foreign from it as one subject can be from another. "Let every tub stand on its own bottom." And why should not Ernestine L. Rose affix her name to such a call, as well as any man? The religious contempt of the *Observer* for woman is manifested by this very slur. Next comes the *alarming* statement made, "ten years ago, by a pastor in Massachusetts," that "the Abolitionists here say that *if* the Bible tolerates slavery"—i. e., tolerates the traffic in human flesh, and all the horrors of the slave system, that "sum of all villanies"—"they will not believe the Bible." How could they believe it in such a case, without taking leave of common sense, sound morality, brotherly love, and trampling beneath their feet the Golden Rule? "But as *they know it does tolerate slavery*," &c. This is a slander: they do not know it, they do not believe it—nay, they strenuously deny it, and for a quarter of a century have constantly drawn from the Bible their strongest declarations and choicest proof-texts against slavery, as *at war with Christianity, root and branch*; while, all that time, this wicked *Observer* has been advocating slaveholding as sanctioned by God alike under Moses and under Christ! Which party, therefore, has, by its "mode of reasoning, made infidels by thousands," in the worst sense of that word? Even if there be exceptional cases (we know of none) among "Garrisonian Abolitionists," in which the pro-slavery interpretation of the Bible, by the American Church, is believed to be a correct one, still, the right of the slave to himself, his wife, his children, his earnings, is uncompromisingly maintained, while by the Church it is ruthlessly cloven down—the Church which dares to call itself by the name of Him who came to set the captive free and to redeem the world! Alas! the Church cannot perceive that

> "In every soul by deep compassion moved,
> Christ walks again among the humble poor;
> And in the 'fleshly robe' shall still be loved,
> While human woe and sympathy endure.
>
> "Christ's voice is heard in every kindly tone
> That seeks t'ennoble man, or comfort grief;
> And he is seen where Mercy strives alone
> (Though weak and poor) to minister relief."

—*Liberator.*

FREE COLOURED PEOPLE OF THE DISTRICT.

THE coloured people in the District of Columbia, occupying a position between two slave States, are subject to the suspicion and aversion of many of the people of those States, whose stringent laws against obnoxious free persons of colour within their own borders have in past times driven into our territory many such persons, alike ignorant, slothful, and of maimed reputation. It may be also added, that in all the controversies that have arisen in the National Capitol in relation to negroes and slavery, to appease the fears of some and to satisfy the aversion of others of those of the white race periodically dwelling among us, with respect to both free coloured persons and slaves, stringent and oppressive rules have been enacted, and enforced by the local governments, insomuch that a known, respectable, responsible and good man, the owner of real city property, has been imprisoned and fined for being in the street after ten o'clock at night, although for a proper purpose; and the mob in Georgetown that broke into a large public hall, where an entertainment had been gotten up for the promotion of a benevolent purpose, and devoured or destroyed whatever fell in their way, and beat unmercifully the men and *women* found there, were held excusable; and the public officer, who had granted permission for the entertainment to be held, was reproached for so doing.

These disadvantages and disabilities are well calculated to depress and degrade; and when people of colour are found in our prisons or alms-houses, at least a portion of the causes conspiring to lead them thither may be a little more than surmised.

The thrift and industry of the great mass of them are seldom brought into review, though thrift and industry may everywhere be found among them. On every side, they exhibit comfortable homes, and all the indications of an improving condition. The real estate, the houses and lots owned by them in the several wards in the city, would make an aggregate, surprising to those who have never contemplated them in this favourable aspect.

We shall not now venture on an estimate of this aggregate, which may possibly be defective; but there is one subject to which we invite attention, viz: their church property, and annual church expenses.

From the census of 1850 we learn that the white population of this District numbered 37,941, and the total value of church property was $363,000.

Since that period, there has been very little, if any, increase of the coloured population, and we shall therefore examine an estimate just made of their statistics in this particular, and compare it with the foregoing.

The churches of people of colour are as follows:

Ebenezer	$3,000
Israel	4,000
Wesley Zion	5,000
Asbury	5,000
Presbyterian	5,000
Baptist	2,000
John Wesley	5,000
Union Wesley	2,000
Union Bethel	5,000
Georgetown	2,000
Mt. Moriah	1,000
	$29,000

This sum, deducted from the value of all the church property in the District, as above stated, will leave $325,000 as the value of the magnificent churches and grounds of the white congregations, or about $8 56 to each person. The number of free persons of colour is 10,059, and their property is in the ratio of $3 80 to each person; or, even if the 3,687 slaves be added in, the ratio will be $2 70.

The annual compensation to each of ten pastors (Mt. Moriah, beyond the Eastern Branch, being supplied by local preachers), probably besides marriage and other perquisites, is at least $650, making an aggregate of $6,500 per year.

There are more than a thousand children at the several Sabbath-schools, all of whom unite, at stated periods, in concert exercises; and on the fourth day of every July—Independence Day!—a religious and PATRIOTIC address is delivered to the teachers, and the pupils, and their parents.

There are said to be some seven or eight friendly, beneficial and benevolent associations, including two or three of Free Masons and Odd Fellows—these latter, however, being, probably, regarded as irregular, alike by Free Masons and Odd Fellows.

How touching to the feelings of the just and generous are these simple facts, and how they should disarm the vulgar prejudice that seeks, or takes pleasure in, their degradation!

In this connection, we would again mention the admirable high school establised in the city, some years since, for coloured girls, by Miss Miner, a woman of noble aims and fine cultivation. Her method of instruction, her discipline, and the fruits of her wise and benevolent labours, have commanded the admiration even of those who have no sympathy with anti-slavery sentiments. They recognise such educational efforts, and other agencies for improving the condition of the coloured people, as worthy of all praise. Society owes it to itself, to its own peace, safety and comfort, to promote the elevation of its humblest members. No class can be neglected without becoming a source of annoyance and mischief, just in proportion to its ignorance and corruption.—*National Era.*

PROGRESS OF ABOLITIONISM AMONG THE F. F. V.'s

From The Virginia Sentinel, March 27.

TREASON STALKS ABROAD!

THE article which we copy to-day from the *Loudoun Mirror* contains intelligence of the most astounding, surprising character. In the name of all that is dear to our peace, and the safety of our firesides, what are we coming to, when citizens of Virginia in large numbers, proclaim or applaud the most dangerous and incendiary doctrines—in the light of day, and in a violent and overbearing spirit! When a Virginia gentleman can not express himself in favour of protecting those interests of our State, which are inseparably fastened upon us for weal or woe, without being hissed by a public assembly on his native soil, what have we already come to?

The act of these men is perfectly senseless. They do not propose an honourable and humane emancipation of slaves, if that be their object; but they fall in with the political purposes of northern demagogues, who say "no more slave States"—not "no more slaves." Their conduct is most unnatural. The conspirator against his own fireside is a madman or a demon. A quiet, good man can't be. Judge Conklin, a northeren "Republican," says, "I observed that there were present, as members of the Pittsburg Convention, several gentlemen from the South. I confess I was surprised at this!" And after intimating very strongly the opinion that it was not possible they could be sincere in so unnatural a course, but had come there to hamper northern action, he adds:

> "This battle is to be fought on the side of freedom, and won, if at all, by the North. If, therefore, they imagine that we shall sacrifice one jot or tittle of principle in consideration of such indirect aid as they can bring us, or that we can be induced to speak 'with bated breath,' lest we should wound the morbid sensibilities of the South, it behooves us at once to undeceive them."

Yet in this warfare of "*the North*" against the South, these men *in Loudoun* are found in a position so outrageous that Conklin, though a partisan, does not see how it is possible for them to be honest!

Mr. Trayhorn was right when he advised the false New Yorker to go back to his former home; and he might have extended his invitation to those faithless sons of the Old Dominion who sustained him, to go with him to the congenial associations which he indicated.

We call upon the good people of *Loudoun* to redeem their reputation, and protect the South from the injurious consequences of this domestic treason. Beecher and Silliman will now double their calls for rifles to shoot down their Southern *brethren*, and will point to this *Loudoun* endorsement of their murderous purposes, and aims, with tremendous effect. One traitor is worse than a thousand foes.

We call upon Northern immigrants into our State, to denounce the conduct of the man Rae, and to proclaim to the world that when they sought the soil of old Virginia they came with intent to be loyal citizens, and not to act as allies to a Northern sectional organization, that seeks, *as such*, to win a victory over the State of their adoption. Rebuke indignantly the specimen of humanity that encourages those who have thrown aside the Bible and the Constitution, and have taken up insult and Sharp's rifles as the weapons of *fraternal* discussion.

The people of Virginia have a right to expect prompt and decisive action.

From The Loudoun Mirror.

BLACK REPUBLICAN MEETING IN LOUDOUN.

It is with a blush of shame for the tarnished reputation of our county, that we undertake to record a scene, more disgraceful perhaps in its character than anything of a similar nature, that has ever been enacted upon Southern territory. We feel an abiding pride in the county of our nativity, and with heavy heart, chronicle anything calculated to sully her fair fame abroad, but between inclination and duty we have no choice left us, and are constrained to form a task we would most willingly forego. Saturday, the 15th of the present month, was the day appointed for a meeting at Goose Creek Church, speciously for the purpose of ratifying the Philadelphia platform and nominations, but really, as the sequel proved, for the treasonable object of proclaiming boldly and impudently the vilest Black Republican doctrines. It was previously arranged that the matter should assume the form of a debate, with two regularly appointed polemics on each side. Mr. Henry Brown and Mr. Thomas Taylor for the nominations, and Mr. Francis Rae, of New York, and Mr. Jesse Brown against them.

The meeting was first addressed by Mr. Thomas Taylor, who argued at length in favour of the American platform and nominees. Mr. Rae (of New York originally, but at present a resident of this county), next took the floor. We can only give the substance of his remarks, as we write entirely from memory. He declared himself in favour of the Black Republican party, denounced the Fugitive Slave law, and Fillmore for signing it; declared it to be unconstitutional, and that it should be repealed. He would not touch slavery where it existed—he would leave it to die out upon the land that bred it—but he would have the balance of the territory of the United States consecrated to freedom in accordance with the principles of our Revolutionary forefathers. What was ours but a land of liberty? And was the Fugitive Slave law and Missouri ruffianism in accordance with this liberty? He wished it repealed, and there was a mighty party arising in the North whose purpose and aim it was to blot out this law and to restrain slavery within its present limits (applause).

Mr. Henry Brown next arose in advocacy of Mr. Fillmore's claims to the presidency. He could not be a member of the Black Republican party if he would, as it required a member to have hair on his lip, and he could not raise it. But he thought Mr. Fillmore was unjustly censured for signing the Fugitive Slave law. He was but the representative of the people, and was bound to obey the will of a majority of the people. That will had been expressed through the people's representatives in Congress, and he could not see that Mr. Fillmore was to blame for obeying that will.

Mr. Jesse Brown followed next. He indulged in the same strain with his colleague, Mr. Rae, and wound up with the eloquent language of some senator, "that the gentle green slopes of Nebraska should not be made rotten with the institution of slavery" (great applause).

The matter being now open for general debate numerous gentlemen were called upon (among them another gentleman with hair upon his lip from New York), but none immediately responding, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Rae took another tilt.

Mr. John Simpson was next brought to his feet. He was utterly astonished that such sentiments should be uttered upon southern soil, that Black Republicans should dare attack our institutions upon our own territory. He thought the gentleman from New York had never read the Constitution, or if he had, he knew nothing about it. Did it not declare that fugitive slaves should be delivered up? And yet he had the hardihood to pronounce the Fugitive Slave law unconstitutional.

Mr. Rae responded. He cared not for the name of Black Republican that had been used by his opponent, Mr. Simpson. To say the least, he thought it ungentlemanly. Here Mr. Simpson required an explanation, which was given.

Mr. Rae continued his remarks at some length, and was frequently interrupted by immense applause. After he had finished, Mr. F. Trayhorn was called from his seat. He remarked: He arose to defend the South against the attack of the Black Republicans. He felt she had been insulted by what he had heard upon that occasion.

Passing by all others, he bore particularly upon Mr. Rae. The gentleman had better go back to the North and mingle with Fred. Douglass and Lucy Blackwood Stone, or Lucy Stone Blackwood, who were genial spirits. The South was no place for the expression of such opinions. He deemed the right to express such sentiments—cries of, "he has the right," he has the liberty of speech—counter cries of no! no! he has no right. Mr. Rae—If the gentleman will go to New York he may express any opinion upon slavery he pleases. Mr. Trayhorn—Yes, because I do not speak against her institutions. Mr. Trayhorn continued his remarks in proof of Southern sufferance and Northern aggression, and concluded by saying, that sooner than see Black Republicanism prevail, as dearly as he loved this Union, he would see it dissolved.

Mr. Rae followed in some remarks upon the Ordinance of '87, but becoming confused, was prompted by an old man with a broad brim white hat, who, we were told, was the veritable Yardly Taylor. After he had finished, Mr. Henry Brown arose again. He thought he was still in favour of Mr. Fillmore. But—but—from what he knew of Black Republicanism he thought he liked it pretty well. Laughter and cries of come over to us, come over. No, he did n't think he would come quite over yet, as his brother had done. He thought—he thought—he would give Millard Fillmore one more trial.

The gentleman, Mr. Trayhorn had expressed himself in favour of a dissolution of the Union; as for himself he was still for the Union. Mr. Trayhorn arose to explain. He had said that rather than see Black Republicanism prevail, he would see a dissolution of the Union, as dearly as he loved it. As he took his seat he was hissed by a Black Republican by the name of Hugh Holmes. One Jesse Hogue, nerved by the boldness of his confreres, was next brought into the arena, and seemed determined, by his hammering gestures, to beat the Republican principles into those before him; but what he said we do not remember, for just here the excitement had become so great that the meeting broke amidst the greatest clamour and confusion.

We have given but an imperfect outline of this truly anomalous assemblage, for we have been compelled to rely entirely upon our memory. We have, however, exaggerated in nothing, and feel confident of having done material injustice to no one of the parties concerned. We have been the more minute in detail in order that the people of Loudoun might see the extremity to which a body of men among them (and no inconsiderable body) will go in advancing principles, insurrectionary in their character, and the practical application of which is guarded against by the severest penal laws of the State. We invite their most serious and calm consideration to this subject, with the expression of the hope that they will not suffer it to pass in silence.

We counsel no wrath; make no appeal to passion. We will not arrogate the office of adviser of men who understand their rights and their defences, and who are amply competent to determine upon the means to guard them against both insult and invasion. But may we not with propriety, diffidently suggest, that they should soberly and solemnly pronounce judgment upon public meetings, aiming, in their *essential* nature, at the destruction of both property and social peace? Is the lion with impunity to be bearded in his den? and shall Northern Vandalism, after having murdered our citizens in the pursuit of their property, flourish the sword of Brennus over the citadel of the South? Is aggression and violence from within to be added to insult and endangerment from without?

Has the monster of Abolitionism grown to such huge proportions as to flap its dark wing over the territory of the South, without causing a feeble cry of resistance to arise from a grossly outraged and insulted people? Shall the hiss of that serpent, Black Republicanism, be spewed in the face of a Southern gentleman, who dares to stand up within the limits of his own manor to confront the enemies of his security and property? Let the people of Loudoun answer by such public response as they in their judgments, exercised in calm deliberation, may determine upon.

We are usually but the instrument of partisan strife. We speak to them now with deference beyond the pale of party. We speak upon a matter of vital moment to all, and ask for it the consideration which its magnitude demands. We are aware that we have performed no very enviable duty, and shall bring down upon our head the execrations of no inconsiderable number of men in our County. But we shall not skulk to avoid a principle, though its advocacy should bring upon us the vengeance of the whole Republican host.

The rights of the South for the sake of liberty, is the motto we have taken, and which we will stand by or fall, for unless Southern rights as secured by the Constitution, be acknowledged and enforced by federal legislation, this Union will be dissolved; its pieces baptized in blood, possibly to some other political faith, and liberty endangered if not totally destroyed. We shall go on in our feeble efforts in defence of Southern rights, and through evil or good report bear testimony of fidelity to the institutions of our fatherland; and should fanaticism prevail, and the North pour upon us her excited hordes, may the "rocks and the mountains fall on us" if we do not clutch the staff of the Southern flag.

SOULOUQUE AND THE DOMINICANS.

Correspondence of The London Times.

PORTO PLATA, Feb. 1, 1856.

IT is now twelve years that a state of war has prevailed between the empire of Hayti and the Dominican Republic. The Haytians, having experienced many severe defeats and disasters both by sea and land, ultimately consented to a provisional truce. After a suspension of hostilities for six years, Soulouque made overtures to President Santana, in the month of May last, for entering upon negotiations of peace. President Santana, having referred to the mediation of France and England, Soulouque sent a mission to Europe. No particulars have transpired of this mission, but it is certain that Soulouque, instead of taking any further steps for promoting the negotiations he had solicited, made vast preparations in the most secret manner for invading the Dominicans and taking them by surprise. These preparations ultimately roused the attention of the French and English Consuls at Port au Prince, who on the 8th of December last, notified to his imperial Majesty a formal protest against the invasion of the republic. This was responded to a few hours after by Soulouque's bold proclamation of invasion.

The Dominicans were soon on the alert, and Soulouque opened the campaign by crossing the Dominican frontier with several invading columns on the 18th of December, directing their march simultaneously upon Neyba and San Juan on the south, and Santiago on the north of the island. Several desperate engagements took place on the 20th, 22d and 24th of December, at Rincon, Cambronal, Neyba, San Thomé and Las Matas, in all of which the Haytians were routed with considerable loss, leaving above 1,500 men dead upon the field, and they consequently retreated to their own territory. The division that had set out for Santiago fled before the Dominicans could come up with them.

The Emperor Soulouque, after being so signally defeated on the South, immediately crossed the country to the north, where he soon collected another army of 12,000 men, at Juana Mendez. In the meanwhile the Dominicans, conceiving the war to be over, began to retire to their homes, so that when Soulouque suddenly recrossed the frontier there were scarcely 4,000 Dominicans prepared to resist this new and unexpected attack.

However, they met the Haytians on the 24th January, and, after an action that lasted nearly the whole day, drove them back into their own territory, with the loss of their artillery, stores, &c., leaving above 2,000 of their number on the field of battle.

It is reported that the Emperor Soulouque is in a very critical position, arising from numerous pretenders having of late presented themselves to dispute with him his imperial crown.

LETTER FROM DR. HOLMES.

From The Boston Atlas.

WE always knew and said that Dr. Holmes would be sorry for his New York address, and we are glad to find that he is sorry. He has followed the example of all gentlemen who get into a trouble similar to his—he has written a letter, which is published in an Exeter paper, and which will, no doubt, have a mollifying effect upon the directors of rural lyceums. The Doctor thinks that the sentiments of his New York speech have been misunderstood. He assures us that "his sympathies are with freedom"; and also that he "looks with the common feelings of Northern men on the extension of slavery." We regret that his speech should be so different from his sentiments, and that he should have thought it necessary, in the latitude of New York, so thoroughly to repress the sympathies which he now finds it convenient to confess in New England. Men whose "sympathies are with freedom," and who sincerely desire to arrest the progress of slavery, do not usually go about denouncing those who hold the same opinions, and heartily entertain the same desire. The address of Dr. Holmes (unless we entirely forget its character) was an elaborate attack upon the Anti-Nebraska men of the North, and especially upon those of New England. A considerable part of it was devoted to a demonstration of the right of the white man to enslave the black; and there was a good deal of pretty, prosaic denunciation of "sectional parties." Substantially, the Doctor counseled submission to the demands of the South—a remedy which the people do not seem at all inclined to adopt. It is true that Dr. Holmes said "we are all agreed to save every inch of ground to freedom that we fairly can." It was his very peculiar way of saving it, or rather of trusting to luck to save it, which we found fault with; and we cannot say that this letter has altered our opinion of the Doctor's diagnosis and prescription.

Boston Correspondence of The Evening Post.

The letter of Dr. Holmes to the editor of the Exeter *News-Letter*, which was drawn forth by an admirable article on the Doctor's acts and words which appeared in that excellent journal, is a more significant thing than some may suppose. Five years ago, when Mr. Webster had taught the ultra Whigs here to "conquer their prejudices"—which they did with remarkable ease, seeing that he meant they should take ground against freedom—five years ago, I say, what the Doctor has said would have called down applause from all the *claqueurs* that used to give the signal for Whig bleating; and the whole community, leaving out the Free Soilers, would have said Amen, though in the throats of some it would have stuck, and they would have had a consciousness that they were not doing the right thing. Had the Doctor then denounced the North, or twitted Mr. Banks, or anybody else, with disunionism, he would have caused no more excitement than he now does among his "subjects" at the hospital. But he has found, to his cost, that times have changed. Men look cold upon him who used to labour hard to save the Union. The prejudices that were conquered have risen on their conquerors, and are rampant as "rebels" generally are. It is a regular Sicilian Vespers affair, the enraged "prejudices" butchering their conquerors in all parts of the North. It is no recommendation to even the most aristocratic of men here, that this or that speaker can strike blows at Abolitionists, and drive a tack-nail or two into that iron hoop by which the Union is prevented from dropping to pieces, and falling into political space. The cold shoulder is now turned upon the poet who used to charm; and he feels pretty much, as we suppose Wamba felt, when Cedric the Saxon glared at him for making an ill-timed joke. Archie Armstrong was disgraced for making a jest of a serious matter, in the Court of Charles the First; and with him ended the line of *professional* English Court Fools, though they have continued to flourish unofficially ever since. Our magnates feel as Charles and Laud felt, and will have no joking on so serious a thing as the present aspect of politics. It is because the Doctor has ascertained that this is the condition of opinion with them, that he has made an attempt to show that he really is not an enemy of freedom, and that when he denounced the North for its nationalism, he meant that it was the most transcendently "national" part of the country. And people are so perverse as to take a man's word for his meaning, forgetting that we have the brightest authority for saying that language was given to man in order that, by its use, he might disguise his thoughts. But, for the displeasure of those whom it is the aim of his life to please, the Doctor would have let the anti-slavery men fret till doomsday, before he would have said a word about what he said against them, by way of explanation. Even he, however, though the most fanatical of conservatives, has to respect that opinion which is now assuming such gigantic proportions.

The Doctor's hit at Mr. Banks, in one of his recent versclets, is an expression of that disgust which our Whig aristocrats feel at the elevation of a man to high office who had been a mechanic. No *optimate* of Rome ever looked upon a *novus homo*, a Marius, or a Cicero, with more contempt than a Boston aristocrat, whose father may have been a pauper, looks upon a man like the Speaker. The Somerset Street Club can't understand how it is that Mr. Banks was chosen. Such a thing being clearly without precedent, and, therefore, virtually unconstitutional, they wish to know why it is that the President did not cause the Speaker to be put to death, by being thrown from the top of the Capitol. The case of Montius is clearly of sufficient force as a precedent; or he might have been cut down as were those pestilent fellows, the Gracchi, by Nasica and Opimius. They take it as a personal affront that he was chosen, seeing that he was not only a mechanic but a Democrat, and had a not unimportant part in those measures that struck down the Whig party in 1850, from which fall it never recovered. They are good fellows enough in their way, but, having got it into their heads that they are made of better clay than the rest of men, when political matters are under discussion, they do talk and act very foolishly. Had Mr. Banks kept in what they hold to be his right place, they would have condescendingly patronized him, but they consider it a piece of presumption in him to have slipped into a place that had been filled by a Clay and a Winthrop. PICTOR.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 5. 1856.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY!

THE Twenty-Third Public Anniversay of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS (No. 446 Broadway, between Howard and Grand sts.), in the City of New York, on WEDNESDAY, May 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and will be continued at the same place during the remainder of the day, and on THURSDAY, 8th. Addresses are expected from WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. THEODORE PARKER, MRS. LUCY STONE BLACKWELL, of Cincinnati, Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse, CHARLES L. REMOND, and others to be hereafter announced.

As full an attendance of the members and friends of the Society as practicable, from all parts of the country, is earnestly desired and strongly urged.

We reiterate our former declaration, that the object of the Society is not *merely* to make "Liberty national and Slavery sectional"—nor to prevent the acquisition of Cuba—nor to restore the Missouri Compromise—nor to repeal the Fugitive Slave bill—nor to make Kansas a free State—nor to resist the admission of any new slave State into the Union—nor to terminate slavery in the District of Columbia and in the National Territories—but it is, primarily, comprehensively, and uncompromisingly, to effect the immediate, total and eternal overthrow of Slavery, wherever it exists on American soil, and to expose and confront whatever party or sect seeks to purchase peace or success at the expense of human liberty. Living or dying, our motto is "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, RELIGIOUSLY OR POLITICALLY!"

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

EDMUND QUINCY, S. H. GAY, } Secretaries.

☞ RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—A Convention of all persons in the State of Rhode Island, opposed to Slavery and in favour of its Immediate and Unconditional Abolition—and to that end the friends of a thorough and persistent Agitation against its multiform cruelties, incessant encroachments, and daring usurpations—will be held in the city of PROVIDENCE, commencing on SATURDAY evening, April 26th, at 7 o'clock, and continuing on SUNDAY, 27th.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, WM. WELLS BROWN, SAMUEL MAY, JR., and other speakers, will be present.

Further particulars hereafter.

WHAT THE TIMES NEED.

"The martyrdom is within; and then the man hath won his crown, not when he hath suffered the blow, but when he hath overcome his fears, and made his spirit conqueror."—JEREMY TAYLOR. *Sermon: "The Flesh and the Spirit."*

How things are going in Kansas, is the universal question. And if there must be violence—if the old method must still be pursued, men rushing even to the field of battle—the lover of freedom will raise the old prayer, God speed the right. Just so when the fugitive mother would, if possible, save herself and her children at the expense of life, whatever we think of the deed, we confess a nobleness in the heart and feel the deeper how vile is slavery, what a blessing is freedom. Then we see the friends of justice and liberty proffering instruments of death, the knife and the rifle, and hear words of encouragement to the use of them, in hall or pulpit, from generous citizens, from those preachers who beyond others have the popular voice on their side, or at least popular admiration of their gifts, and even from women whose nature shrinks most readily from violence and carnage. It is only a new version of the everlasting speech. Men have been always fighting for liberty or semblance of liberty. Every schoolboy learns the story from Greeks and Romans. Every student of history follows it down from the dissolution of the Roman Empire to the outbreak of the Protestant Reformation. And who is ignorant of the stern conflicts through which man, roused by that trumpet whose sound has been growing deeper, rather than ceasing, ever since, has toiled amidst carnage and death for his oppressed rights? The strife of the English Puritans for the Commonwealth, and the revolution which drove the Stuarts from their tyrannous thrones, carried the hearts of our ancestors with them, and served as precursors of the fierce struggle in which our national independence affirmed and vindicated itself. And when France, quickened by the same intense vitality, shook off the despotisms of ages, and the different nations of Europe resisted the new power which threatened to mould them at its own will and to force on them governments foreign to themselves, our sympathies go forth at once and unbidden in behalf of what seems to us the cause of liberty. The horrors of Aboukir, or Austerlitz, or Waterloo, disappear from the eye looking into the perennial significance of those fugitive, though tremendous, moments. Remembering that such has ever been the bloody course of humanity, we are naturally induced to think it inevitable, certainly to inquire whether, for the present at least, we must not consent to pursue it. The thing which now we need, it may seem, is the ancient heroism. We must nourish our zeal and courage yet by remembrances of Marston Moor and Bunker Hill.

Is it so? Must American slavery, like other oppressions, perish by force roused to the violence of civil war? Or, a greater question still—a question which goes farther than one local and temporary evil and its remedy—is violent resistance to wrong the true method of overcoming it? The case is supposable. We have fancied something which is a partial illustration of it. A strong and majestic lion has found his lair invaded by some meaner beast—nay, has found that advantage is taken of every absence and every possible opportunity to molest and disturb his rightful domain. He calls a convention thereon of his kindred, and lays the case before them, and asks their advice. A fierce young lion presses with eloquent speech an immediate foray into the enemy's country. There is never a Hannibal, or Scipio, a Cromwell or a Napoleon, of leonine history, but is at his tongue's end, and the antique heroism ought to be revived. An old weary sage, who had done valiant deeds, so he declares, in his own day, now that experience has made him wise, calmly recommends prudence and masterly inactivity. Nothing is gained by rashness, and much is lost. On the whole he thinks time is the remedy for all evil, and, if the injured sufferer will but wait quietly, things will of themselves come out right by and by. Then rises a third, of ministerial mien, eloquent and bold as the first, wise and wary as the second, and exclaims, "Under certain contingencies, I should surely advise my brother to fight it out. Fighting is not, indeed, so much to my taste as it was in my days of inexperience and ignorance. But there are times when I should hold it necessary to watch for an enemy and seize him with all the strength I have and lay his bones on these hot sands. Such a contingency seems to me now to have befallen the noble chieftain who has just laid his grievances before us. My counsel is that he lie henceforth in wait for his adversary, and be ready with the next outrage to pounce upon the marauder." This voice prevails; the convention dissolves; the members go their several ways; the aggrieved one follows the popular opinion, and relieves himself soon of the burden which he had borne so long.

Now, we have nothing to say against the lions. Nay, we think well of them. They have followed the method of their own nature. We say, Let the lion be the lion, and act himself out. But we have a question remaining: Since man is man, neither lion nor tiger nor aught of the kind, is this the law, this the method, for him?

We know, to be sure, that what man wants in strength he can make up by the powers and instruments which he forms and wields through the genuine capacities wherein he surpasses all animals. But our question goes deeper than these advantages or disadvantages. It contemplates him as a spiritual and immortal being; as an intellectual power whose first law is to reduce all outward instrumentalities and all outward interests into subordination to the godlike reason and the celestial love. And for a being of such nature, we maintain that the highest power, the deepest need, is of something more heroic than Roman valour, or British prowess, or the unconquered energies that have raised America to the conspicuous position which it now holds and boasts. The law for man, in which alone he can obtain freedom and peace, is the power of martyrdom. Let not this sentence be cast off now with the fashionable sneer, and pronounced cant. It is uttered in sober earnestness, and, moreover, not as a rhetorical flourish, but as a logical statement. It is never what men have done in pride of strength, in aggressions or resistances of excited bravery, which has given or confirmed their freedom, their peace, their essentially human welfare. It is what they have borne in the spirit affirming, trusting, obeying evermore the Infinite Law; it is what they have borne in the solitude and the silence to which the world ministered no kindly service—in the dungeon, sometimes irradiated only by the light from heaven—at the stake or on the cross—or, in absence of these external appendages, within the secrecy of the heart, subjecting all selfishness and pride and personal desire to the benignant order of the universe.

We know full well it is urged against this view of things, in behalf of the predominant temper and the constant habit of the times, that one may go forth in love and from this very spirit pierce to the heart some enemy or invader of human freedom. There is no malice, no personal unkindness, no revenge, nothing but the use of instruments which our nature enables us to produce and employ for the protection of that dearest right, liberty. We will not stop to argue the point. Be it so or be it not, the whole argument overlooks the higher energy, the absolutely unconquerable force, the divine power of martyrdom, the spirit affirming itself amidst all contradiction, bearing unmoved all which can be inflicted rather than accept any questionable defence, living as spirit, unshaken by danger, serene amidst violence, triumphant over death. One man cannot do everything; but one man doing, or rather bearing this, has accomplished more for the rights of his nature than legions of armed men, even if they conquer and gain the prize they seek.

But to the objection again. We will forego all analysis of it, and put a parallel case. Honour is, perhaps, no less dear to man than freedom, and as unquestionably, while he does nothing to forfeit it, his right. But his honour is assailed: the unwritten law of society demands the vindication of it by the duel. To the duel he resorts. He goes to this fearful encounter, not from malice, not from personal unkindness, not from revenge; he may sincerely love the man whose life he seeks, as he certainly bears no hate to the man whose life he exposes; he does nothing but employ the instruments which nature enables him to wield for the protection of that dearest right, honour. We limit ourselves, be it observed, to this single point, and affirm that the act of duelling involves no more necessity of personal ill-will or malice than the act of deadly encounter where many are engaged on both sides. The real sin of duelling and the real sin of warring must be sought somewhere else; even in this, man departing from the highest law of his being in subserviency to lower passions and partial interests. While he does this, he makes himself slave; he obeys the law of slavery; he identifies himself at the centre of his being with the power which creates and sustains slavery; he may sincerely believe himself hostile to slavery, but unconsciously he lives and works in the same moral and spiritual order with the enslaver and the tyrant.

After all, we may be assured, there is no good done in this indolent way. Strike the tyrant down, and his victims are free. So fell the tyrannies of England and of France; and so the patriots of our revolution delivered us from the perils which gathered around us. Let man learn to use his hand as well as his head and his heart, the force of his arm as well as the force of his thought and his sentiment. To be sure; but in harmony with the spiritual laws, not in discord with them, not in disobedience to them. Now, the spiritual law, we repeat, is martyrdom, not violence. And martyrdom is full of power where violence is devoid of power. Violence may drive back the violent; in Kansas, for instance, a successful use of arms and strength may prevent the introduction and forcing of slavery upon the soil, thus securing it for a free population. But no violence, no use of arms and strength, can inspire the population with pure and unbounded love, with the sentiments of devout reverence, of childlike trust in the parental government of the world, of communion with each other, of forgiveness to the injurious, of benignity and kindness to all men. On the contrary, so far as violence should prevail and put forth its natural and even necessary results, it would unfit the people for enjoying the very privilege which it has been employed to maintain

primest specimen of impudence. But one not exceeded, nor by possibility to be exceeded, is his quoting Amos iv., 2, and James v., 1 to 4—*against the Abolitionists.* This defies comment.

THE INDEPENDENT—GARRISON—BEECHER.

The following correspondence we copy from *The Liberator* of last week. The first party thereto is unknown to us. The name of the second is unmistakably indicated by his initials and the date of his letter.

LETTER I.

BOSTON, Feb. 12, 1856.

TO THE REV. H. W. B.—*Dear Sir:* The following words are contained in an article published in the New York *Independent* of Jan. 3, 1856:

"'Of the converts to Spiritualism'——'almost all of them were infidels, and some of them, like Garrison'——'of a most degraded class.'"

It would be difficult to name a paper in which the use of such language would not occasion surprise, and still more so to find another (where it would be admitted) in which it would be thought worth noticing.

But *The Independent* publishes, in its list of contributors, your name, with others of eminent position and character, and thereby attaches to its imputations an authority and influence not to be disregarded; for it cannot be supposed that honourable persons would allow their names to give weight and sanction, however indirectly, to a personal attack, believing it to be unjust.

The name of Mr. Garrison is identified with the cause of truth and humanity, and there is no fear that either can be permanently injured by open or covert malignity. Yet it is desirable to know the spirit and position of every prominent actor in the great strife before us; and although I am not included in the honourable list of Mr. Garrison's particular friends, and do not, any more than yourself, agree with his theological sentiments and views of anti-slavery action, yet I am shocked that his eminently pure character should suffer reproach from a source connected with your name, and wish to be able to show that you do not justify it. I therefore respectfully ask whether the above language of *The Independent* is approved by you?

Respectfully and truly yours, D—— M——.

LETTER II.

BROOKLYN, March 1, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: I can well understand how those who are intimate with Mr. Garrison, and who love him, should feel greatly stirred up by the words which, you say, were issued in *The Independent*. I have not seen them in the paper, and only know of them from your letter, and from Oliver Johnson, of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

The proper method, it seems to me, of dealing with such a statement, would be for some competent friend of Mr. Garrison to prepare and send to the editors the evidence of the falseness of these representations; and the grounds upon which Mr. Garrison really stands in reference to the New Testament.

I am no more responsible for the editors of *The Independent*, than you are for the conduct of persons living in the same street with you. Not only is there no implied reciprocal relation between the editors and myself, but again and again it has been stated, in the editorial columns, that *they* are responsible for *their* articles, and I, only, for my own.

I do not wish to enter upon this subject; but, if a proper statement is made respecting Mr. Garrison's views, I will cheerfully use what personal influence I have with the editors, to procure it an insertion in *The Independent*.

I am, truly yours. H. W. B.

LETTER III.

March 8, 1856.

DEAR SIR: I thank you for your courteous letter, but regret that it contained no answer to my inquiry whether the language of *The Independent*, villifying Mr. Garrison as an "infidel *of the most degraded class*," is approved by you?

I have underscored the essential words of the slander. I do not think that Mr. Garrison, or any of his friends, object that his foes should apply the term "infidel" according to their tastes. It is a word of varying import, and is fast losing whatever of reproach it implies. Derogatory terms, when habitually applied to honourable characters, soon lose their base signification, as honourable terms, when appropriated by the base, soon cease to be honorable. The head ruffian of the nation is endorsed as an exemplary *Christian* by leading religious papers, which stigmatize the Channings, Garrisons, Gerrit Smiths and Lucy Stones as *infidels*. If this is to be the established application of words, there is reason to fear that hypocrites, who desire the advantage of a decent name, will claim to be infidels.

But to call a man who sustains not merely a respectable, but an eminent character, who is widely known as a person of singular blamelessness and amiability of deportment and purity of life, and of high public and social standing, "one *of the most degraded class*," is quite another thing. This atrocious slander is published in such a way, that it derives a force and currency from your name, which no disclaimer of responsibility can cancel, if you withhold your testimony of its falsity. *You know it to be false*, and cannot justly refuse, when thus appealed to, to declare your knowledge. Misprision of slander is as culpable, morally, as misprision of treason. Justice, truth and honour forbid silence or evasion. As a bank officer is bound, when a spurious bill of his bank is presented, at least to stamp it "counterfeit," and thus destroy its power of mischief, so are you bound to stamp this slander, proceeding from an institution with which you are associated, with the brand of falsehood. I do not pretend to dictate terms. I only claim that, as an honourable man and an advocate of truth, you should state your knowledge or belief concerning the truth or falsity of a defamation which derives importance from your connection with its source. Since my first letter, I have consulted some of the prominent friends of Mr. Garrison, and give this as their view, as well as my own.

Your suggestion, that Mr. Garrison's friends procure certificates of his character and "New Testament views," to be published in *The Independent*, is one which, from its source, I am inclined to treat with respect. But I do not think it will "work." Until *The Independent* shall purge itself of slander, it is not a proper medium of truth. Besides, Mr. G. and his friends are averse to whatever implies acknowledgment of ecclesiastical authority. They repudiate the priestly claims of ROME and of UTAH, and, of course, could not bow to any in New York. As a reciprocal overture, however, I suggest that the editor of *The Independent* procure certificates that he is not a slanderer "of the most degraded class"—and also concerning his "views" of the *Old* Testament, particularly the text, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," &c.—which I doubt not Mr. Garrison will willingly publish in *The Liberator*. I consider this more than an equivalent proposition, for the slanderer has much more need of certificates than the slandered.

Will you favour me with your answer as early as convenient?

Very truly and respectfully, D. M.

Upon this correspondence we remark:

1. The responsibility for the scandalously false and malignant remark about Mr. Garrison rests, primarily and chiefly, with the editors of *The Independent*, of whom Mr. Beecher is not one. His relation to the paper is simply that of a "Special Contributor," writing over his own signature and taking no part whatever in the general conduct of the paper. Of course, therefore, it would be unfair to hold him accountable, in the first instance, for any violation of the laws of taste or of morals on the part of the editors. We give implicit credit to his statement that he did not even see the attack upon Mr. Garrison in the paper itself, and only heard of it at second hand.

2. Careful as Mr. Beecher and *The Independent* have been, from time to time, to define his exact relation to the paper, it is still true that, to a wide extent, he is popularly regarded, not merely as a contributor, but as a conductor, and we do not think that, in a case like this, he has any right to ignore this patent fact. His name stands conspicuous in the imprint of the paper, and, in spite of any theoretical limitations of his responsibility, however often proclaimed, that *name* gives weight and influence to whatever appears in its columns. The moral sanction necessarily implied in such a use of his name involves a responsibility which he has no right to shirk. This view of the case is the more important from the fact, that the Editors' names do not appear, while those of the "Special Contributors" are conspicuously paraded as a means of winning confidence and patronage; and it is not too much to say, that Mr. Beecher's name is the attractive force which, more than anything else, serves to enlarge the circulation of *The Independent*.

3. The assault of *The Independent* on Mr. Garrison was exceedingly atrocious. If it had said that, in a theological sense, and according to the technical theories of the day, he was an infidel, the case would have been very different. It went beyond this, pronouncing him "an infidel *of the most degraded class*"—thus assailing his moral character in the way above all others calculated to destroy his influence and blast his reputation. The anti-slavery professions of *The Independent*, and the name of Mr. Beecher on its front, are the very things which serve to make the slander effective. If the same thing had been said by the *Observer*, it would have been attributed to the well-known pro-slavery malignity of that paper. Seeing it in *The Independent*, thousands will naturally say, "Garrison must surely be a bad man, or he would not be thus denounced in an anti-slavery paper with which Henry Ward Beecher is conspicuously identified."

4. It was evidently this view of the case that led "D. M." to call Mr. Beecher's attention to the matter, and it would seem from his letter that he fully expected Mr. B. would promptly express his disapprobation of the slander. And this, we think, was no more than Mr. B. was bound in honour to do, and we are grieved and disappointed that he did not do it. If we had seen D. M.'s letter beforehand, we should have said—such was our confidence in Mr. Beecher's manly frankness and nice sense of justice and honour—"He will not hesitate a moment in expressing his disapprobation of such a venomous falsehood. He will stand upon no nicely balanced theory of the 'limitations of human responsibility,' but with all the earnestness of a noble nature he will condemn the slander and seek to counteract its influence." We should have said so because we have heard him, in his own pulpit, commend Mr. Garrison for traits of character which are rarely, if ever, found save in men eminent for moral worth and Christian attainments.

5. We are not only surprised at Mr. Beecher's apparent evasion of the interrogatory of "D. M.," but at his proposed "method of dealing" with *The Independent's* slander—a method at war no less with the whole spirit and tone of his own preaching than with the spirit of Christianity itself. He would have "some competent friend of Mr. Garrison" draw up his creed and send it to the Editors, asking them to print it as the evidence by which his character should be determined! We assure Mr. Beecher that no "competent friend" of Mr. G. will ever plead to such an issue on his behalf—an issue which would permit menstealers and kidnappers to enrol themselves as Christians, while the man whose life is the efflorescence of true piety is ranked as an infidel. There *is* a rule of judgment to which Mr. Garrison's friends would make no objection, viz.: "The tree is known by its *fruit*." Tried by the artificial standards of a corrupt Church, Mr. G. may be pronounced an infidel; but we insist that the rule of Christ himself is the only one that can lead us to a just conclusion. To substitute any other test for this is to resort to ecclesiastical jugglery and fraud. If theological formulas were the true tests of Christian character, Judas and Jeffreys might be ranked as saints, while the noblest philanthropists that the world has ever seen might be reckoned as infidels. Said an orthodox clergyman to us, not long since, "If I were to call Mr. Garrison an infidel, I should expect some one would straightway ask me, 'Of what use then is Christianity?' If a man can lead a life as true and noble as Mr. Garrison's—if he can stand intrepidly for God's law for a period of twenty-five years, in the face of mobs and a corrupt public sentiment, and never falter in his allegiance or grow weary in his labours, and all without the sustaining power of Christ, why preach the Gospel at all?' I should not know how to answer the question. Mr. Garrison must be either a monster or a Christian of sublime attainments; and as I don't believe God ever makes monsters of such a type, I claim his example for the honour of God and the glory of Christianity. He has fallen into what I must regard as grievous errors in theology, but I cannot on that account resist the conviction that he is a Christian." The clergyman who said this does not stand alone among his brethren. There are many others who, Nicodemus like, will make the same confession in private, though they lack the courage to do so in public.

6. We cannot but hope that Mr. Beecher will yet, for his own sake, publicly declare his disapprobation of a slander, the mischivous effects of which are aggravated by his peculiar relations to its authors. Our regard for *his* reputation far more than our anxiety for that of Mr. Garrison induces the wish that he may do so.

KANSAS AND THE FREE COLOURED PEOPLE.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In the Galveston (Texas) *News*, I met with the following very fair specimen of slavedriving and slavedriven Democracy.

NOT A NEGRO GOING.—The *Day Book* says: Ten thousand white men are giving their money or going to Kansas for the "cause of freedom" for the negroes, and so little do the negroes care for what these white fools are doing for them that not one out of the 50,000 in this State and 150,000 in the other Northern States has volunteered to go and fight nor to give one cent to make Kansas a free State! What a comment on the negro's estimation of "freedom"! The truth is there is not one among the 200,000 who cares a straw whether Kansas is a free State or not.

The editor who indicted the above paragraph may be honest; but, if so, it is at the expense of his intelligence. Free coloured men are withheld from going to Kansas by a triple chain, forged and riveted mainly by the men (if they be men) who now scoff at them for not going.

In the first place, the laws of Missouri forbid their entrance into that State, and of course subject them to be arrested *in transitu*, and sentenced to cruel penalties. If, at St. Louis, the civilest place of all the State, they could, in the piping time of peace, incarcerate a company of coloured men for coming to invite them to a musical entertainment, how much more, at the present time, would the "Blue Lodges" of Jackson, Platte and Lexington, "the best of cut-throats," persecute and exterminate coloured emigrants suspected of going to bid them "face the music" of the rifle.

In the second place, the intrusive and ruffian legislators of the frontier have adopted the whole body of Missouri laws (except where they have aggravated their severity) as the laws of Kansas; and President Pierce has proclaimed that those laws are valid, and shall be enforced by the army, within the Territory.

Lastly, the Free State men have provided, in their Constitution, for the banishment and perpetual exclusion of free coloured persons, and this provision has been specially ratified by the popular voice. By the same instrument they have legalized for a year and a-half the residence and, I think, by inevitable consequence, the introduction of coloured men, provided they bear the brand of the slave. Such a double and deplorable violation of the fundamental rights on whose sanctity and eternal inviolability those men base their own claim to our sympathy and cooperation against the Missouri invaders is scarcely palliated by the plea that it was reluctantly consented to as a sop to a bloodhound rabble. It is a silly as well as obscene bird that soils its own nest. How much less animosity have the barbarians evinced, and how many less murders, cowardly and cold-blooded, have they committed, in virtue of this discreditable pandering to their ferocity? But I am departing from my purpose.

The editors of the New York *Day Book* and the Galveston *News* did not think proper to notice any of the insuperable impediments to free coloured emigration to Kansas. It would not have suited their mean purpose.

It may be that these editors will be able to plead ignorance. It is more probable than that they will have the grace to do it. If, however, they should, I would suggest to them that there is not a coloured adult in the States called free who is not aware of the crowning indignity put upon him by the free Convention and vote of the people of Kansas, and of the inhuman enactments of "the Missouri Ruffians"; and while they regard with deep and unabated interest, and with unutterable indignation, the wrongs and outrages inflicted upon the beleaguered and long-suffering inhabitants of that Terrritory, they say, and, in my opinion, wisely, that in no case short of a general civil war can they take a personal part in the contest. That some of them have given their money, and that more stand ready to do so, for the relief of the Free State men, who spurn them, is known to

Your obedient servant, D. LEE CHILD.

Wayland, March 27th, 1856.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATING CONVENTION.

THE National Committee appointed by the Pittsburgh Convention, after meeting at Washington for consultation, agreed upon the following Call for the Convention to be held in Philadelphia, on the 17th of June next, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President.

To the people of the United States:

The people of the United States, without regard to past political differences or divisions, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to the policy of the present Administration, to the extension of slavery to the Territories, in favour of the admission of Kansas as a free State, and of restoring the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson, are invited by the National Committee, appointed by the Pittsburgh Convention of the 22d of February, 1856, to send from each State three delegates from every Congressional District, and six delegates at large, to meet in Philadelphia, on the 17th day of June next, for the purpose of recommending candidates to be supported for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States.

E. D. MORGAN, New York.
FRANCIS P. BLAIR, Maryland.
JOHN M. NILES, Connecticut.
DAVID WILMOT, Pennsylvania.
A. P. STONE, Ohio.
WILLIAM N. CHACE, Rhode Island.
JOHN Z. GOODRICH, Massachusetts.
GEORGE RYE, Virginia.
ABNER R. HALLOWELL, Maine.
E. S. LELAND, Illinois.
CHARLES DICKEY, Michigan.
GEORGE G. FOGG, New Hampshire.
A. J. STEVENS, Iowa.
CORNELIUS COLE, California.
LAWRENCE BRAINERD, Vermont.
WILLIAM GROSE, Indiana.
WYMAN SPOONER, Wisconsin.
C. M. K. PAULISON, New Jersey.
E. D. WILLIAMS, Delaware.
JOHN G. FEE, Kentucky.
JAMES REDPATH, Missouri.
LEWIS CLEPHANE, District of Columbia.
National Committee.

WASHINGTON, March 29, 1856.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE for April—made up of selections from the weekly issues of *The Living Age*—offers a rich treat to its numerous readers. The price of this periodical is only $3 per annum in advance, Littell, Son & Co., Boston.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

WE copy the following letter from *The Tribune*. It effectually exposes the dishonesty of Mr. Clay's enemies, who have taken the opportunity afforded by his recent pecuniary misfortunes to blacken his reputation:

ALBANY, Monday, March 26, 1856.

A number of papers, here and elsewhere, in the interest of the Pierce and Fillmore parties, are endeavouring to make capital against the Republican movement, and against Cassius M. Clay, by charging him with being a slaveholder while professing to have emancipated all his slaves.

The charge is based upon a recent advertisement, in a Lexington paper, of the sale, by assignees, of Mr. Clay's property, among which are enumerated "22 hands to be sold during his life."

Some eight or nine years since, the same charge was made against Mr. Clay's consistency, and to the inquiries of some friends the following facts were furnished by him in explanation:

He did emancipate all those whom he held in his own right by the laws of Kentucky. A relative, in dying, bequeathed to the children of Mr. Clay 22 slaves, to be held by him during his life, and at his death to go to his children named. By the laws of Kentucky and most of the slave States, slaves are made real estate for all such and similar purposes, and therefore it is beyond the power of Mr. Clay to emancipate the persons in question, or divest himself of that interest which, as the natural guardian of his children, the law has invested him with, at least until his children arrive at maturity.

Yours, &c., WILLSON MILLOR.

CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM.—A print, in the best style of lithographic art, by Grozeller, has been published by Mr. C. H. Brainard, of Boston, and is for sale in this city by W. Schauss, 311 Broadway. It is a group of seven heads, according to an original design by Brainard, and the portraits are those of Greeley, Whittier, Beecher, Sumner, Hale, Chase and Seward. The likenesses are very striking, and will be at once recognised by those who have seen the originals. The heads are surrounded by beautiful scroll-work, printed in tint. We learn that Mr. Brainard will soon publish another group in the same style, including the heads of Garrison and Phillips.

Mr. Brainard has also laid on our table a spirited likeness of Speaker Banks, by the same artist, which is also for sale as above; also a beautiful picture, by Grozelier, of the Rev. M. D. Conway, the brave young Unitarian preacher of Washington, whose anti-slavery discourse we lately published. This last is for sale at the office of the *Christian Inquirer*, 257 Broadway.

MUSIC.—Horace Waters has laid on our table six pieces of new music, as follows: "The Blind Orphan Boy"—by T. Wood; "I Never can be Thine"—by Eliza Valentine; "The Glance of Love"—words by Fanning Reed, music by Valentine; "Bird's Complaint"—Song, by Benjamin Jepson; "Beyond the River"—Song, by John H. Pixley. "Popular Quadrilles"—by James Bellak. These six pieces (25 cents single) are sold together for $1. The quadrilles are arranged in a simple but effective manner from the following popular melodies: "Our boys," "Jeannie Marsh," "Boquet Schottish," "Bobbing Around," "Let us Speak of a Man," "Kitty Tyrrell," "Laughing Chorus," "Lily White," and an extremely lively jig. 333 Broadway.

JOSHUA COFFIN.—The early Abolitionists remember Mr. Coffin for his devotion to the anti-slavery cause, his frequent contributions to *The Liberator*, and his antiquarian tastes. For many years we have rarely heard anything of or from him, but we see from the papers that the people of Newbury, Mass., lately employed him as their spokesman to present a service of silver to their pastor, the Rev. Dr. Withington. He is said to have made "an appropriate" speech on the occasion.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The last three numbers (617, 618, 619) of this work contain matter of rare interest and value from the *Edinburgh Review*, the *London Quarterly*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, *Frazer's Magazine*, *Household Words*, *Blackwood*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Notes and Queries*, and the English weekly journals. Part 2d of "Kate Coventry" is especially welcome. Vol XII., Second Series, closed with No. 618. New York: Littell, Son & Co., 343 B'way.

THE PLACE OF MEETING.—Our readers should understand that the hall secured for the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society the present year is not the *Chinese* Assembly Room, in which the Anniversary of 1853 was held, but the *City* Assembly Room, a larger and far more eligible place.

COLES BASHFORD (Republican), under the authority of the Supreme Court of the State, has been duly installed as Governor of Wisconsin. The evidence before the Court revealed a conspiracy on the part of the sham Democrats to keep Barstow in office, in spite of the election of Bashford.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT is not to be restored in Wisconsin. After the most strenuous efforts on the part of the advocates of the gallows, the bill to reëstablish the inhuman instrument has been indefinitely postponed in the Assembly.

THE Boston *Bee* announces that Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop, and other distinguished Whigs whose names it gives, "are content with Fillmore and Donelson," and "will take the field under the American banner."

HOUSEHOLD WORDS (*American Reprint*).—The April issue of this popular work, embracing four weekly numbers, is on our table. The contents are interesting as usual. Dix & Edwards, 321 Broadway.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXXXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on Lions—Of the Lionine behaviour of March—He giveth way to All-Fools-Day—The Correspondent on the Protection of Fools—He differeth with Mr. Congreve—The kind of Fools he would encourage—He magnifieth his favourite game—He hounderh on the readers—But he warneth them off wrong scents—He telleth the history of poor Mellen—Of the way in which he was put on to annoy the Anti-Slavery Meetings—And how he did it—Of who encountered him—And how—The Correspondent moralizeth and philosophiseth—He treateth of the Presidentomania and its victims—He defendeth the Enterprise of Boston as against that of New York—And doth justice to Attorney Hallett, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, March, 31, 1856.

MARCH seems to be bent on going out as well as coming in like a lion. There has been little of the lamb in his deportment this time, nothing, indeed, suggestive of anything appertaining to that emblem of Innocence, except its *wool*, which has been very germaine to the weather. From the first look we had at his snout as he entered on the stage to the final flourish of his tail as its tuft disappears on his retiring from it, he has been as little as possible like the lion as personated by Snug the Joiner at Athens. He hath been, indeed, "a most fearful wildfowl." But, never mind, he has flown away at last, and to-morrow will give place to All-Fool's-Day, sacred to practical jokes and hoaxes. Oh, that this one day could monopolize the making of Fools! And yet why should I wish so? Would the world be half as merry a one if there should be any check to this branch of industry? Though I would not go to the length of one of Congreve's characters who proposed an Act of Parliament forbidding the Exportation of Fools. I should leave them to the operation of the natural Laws of Trade. But the English are accustomed to preserve their game, and hence the proposed Embargo of this peculiar kind. In this country, at least, this Manufacture does not yet need to be fostered by a protective Tariff. I should certainly go in for one, if it was likely to become extinct.

But the only kind of Fools that I would encourage should be those who not only esteem themselves wise, but who are held to be such by others. Humbugs of great pith and moment, of solemn physiognomy and staid speech, of drawn-down mouths and rolled up eyes, who think President Pierce a match for the Almighty and Congress competent to repeal the Laws of the Most High. Those "Statesmanlike" men who abolished Humanity by Act of Congress and solemnly ordained that nobody should even expostulate against a big fellow licking a little one, much less interfere to hinder him, and those learned professors and godly ministers who taught that this was the Eleventh Commandment—the very purpose and object of the Mission of Christ and the Apostles. There is as much difference between game of this sort and that run down by your writers of comedy, as there is between [the bisons of the Prairie Desarts and the tamed and fattened deer of an English Park. On all such gigantic vermin unleash the dogs, put spurs to the horses' sides, let the welkin ring with the cheering notes of the hunting horns, and pull not rein nor call off hound until the prey be pulled down and despatched. And so with the lesser animals, that ape their betters and their biggers, and think it fine to gnaw and nibble at the Temple of Eternal Justice and to try to deface the features of her majestic Image so that it shall look like Fraud and Cruelty; down upon them, don't be particular as to your weapons, so they be honest, chase them, ferret them out, *squelch* them, or at any rate, send them squealing about their own business. All those Fools, whether in Congress or in Pulpits, in Editorial Chairs or on Lyceum platforms, who try to "plate sin with gold," or to cover Wickedness up in fine words and safe phrases and make the people believe that it is Patriotism and Religion, don't spare them—pursue them to their burrows, unearth them, never mind their doublings and their tricks, stay not until you have given them the *coup de grace*;—they are fair game and open to the competition of every Nimrod that loves the chase of which the game is Man!

But spare such poor harmless creatures as Mellen and Pratt. Do not make a jest of the saddest sight the world contains—the saddest, at least, that has no taint of vice or crime—the vagaries of a weak and diseased brain. Poor Mellen! You have seen that he has been sent to the Insane Hospital by the Police Court of this City. He has very long been a proper subject for treatment, but I am afraid that it has been delayed too long for a prospect of cure. His weaknesses have been for many years the food of sorry jestings and practical jokes. For more than twenty years he was the terror of the Anti-Slavery Meetings. His Specific Delusion at that time was that he was an unappreciated Orator and that there was a conspiracy to prevent his having a fair chance. This delusion was nourished by thoughtless lads who told him these stories, flattered his vanity and assured him that the People really wanted to hear him and that it was only the jealousy of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and the other Anti-Slavery Orators that kept him down. His backers, after stimulating his propensity, would go and wait on the edges of the Meetings to egg him on by calls for him and loud applauses when he appeared. So that it was impossible for the plainest sort of speech, which was not spared towards him, to make any impression on him. He knew better, he would say; he knew that many people had come to hear him and that he was the victim of a conspiracy. For years, from the extreme sensitiveness of the Abolitionists as to the Rights even of the foolish and their excessive dread of even seeming to violate that Freedom of Speech which was their only reliance for success, he was suffered to vex and annoy our Assemblies to an extent which now seems hardly credible. He was, indeed, what Mr. Emerson called another of our plagues, "a flea of Conventions," always skipping up at the time he was most dreaded, when the audience was at its fullest and an impression had been made upon it, to help the enemies on the outskirts create a row and dash with ridicule the effect of the Meeting.

Your late Corresponding Editor enjoys the renown of having been the mightiest hunter of this mighty *bore*—one compared with which

> "The great wild boar that had his den,
> "Among the reeds of Cosa's fen
> "And wasted fields and slaughtered men,
> "Along Albinia's shore,"

was but a suckling—yea, "a weakling," as Charles Lamb tenderly expresses it. At any rate, it was affirmed that the person in question thus came to great promotion, having been put almost at the head of the list of Vice-Presidents both of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, that he might be lawfully empowered to deal with this foe when he threatened to lay us waste. His method was a sufficiently simple one and yet effectual. He would treat Mellen with entire impartiality and give him the floor when he was fairly entitled to it, and would protect him in his right to speak against the impatience of the audience as long as he kept to the Resolutions before the meeting. But when he diverged from these towards the Habeas Corpus (which was as sure to find its way into his speech as the Head of Charles I. in Mr. Dick's Memorial), the Chairman would call him to order, and after a proper time would insist upon his taking his seat and appealing to the House. The House was always sure to sustain the Chair, and poor Mellen had sense enough to know that he must succumb, or that he would be handed over to the Secular Arm in the person of the Policeman at the door and removed from the hall of session. After a few repetitions of this treatment he knew that he had met his Fate and he became less troublesome than before.

What is the element of Human Nature that leads persons, not naturally inhuman, to find pleasure in stimulating the delusions of an unfortunate person whose mind has lost it balance? There was a kind of quiet satire, to be sure, in the plan for raising Mellen to the Presidency and actually making him believe that he was sure of getting it. It is what is done to men not adjudged lunatics, when all the world except the candidates and their partisans see the absurdity of their expectations and laugh at them. There was Mr. Webster, for instance. Everybody, outside a very small circle in Boston, and a still smaller in New York, knew that he had no more chance of success than poor Mellen. And so of Mr. Everett, and George Law, and Commodore Stockton, and a quantity more labouring under what may be termed the *Presidentimania*. But there is no serious proposition, that I hear of, of sending them to Bedlam, like Mellen. And then the fautors of these aspirants (those of them that have any) really think they have a chance. So that the parallel between the cases is not entirely perfect. But the young men and the presses that had conspired to impose on poor Mellen have much to answer for. They have been the cause of his losing his reason, just as much as the mistaken friends who urged Mr. Webster on his desperate struggle for the White House were the cause of his broken heart and death. It was sport to the one party, but it was death—or destruction—to the other. It was cruel and heartless joking, that systematic playing with weakness and making a sport of disease. I should think that there must be some compunctious visitings felt by those who, in the cruel thoughtlessness of youth, have helped to bring this poor fellow to his present condition, and I trust that it will lead them to seek more legitimate sources of amusement hereafter.

You will have seen that you are not to be allowed the monopoly of the Slave Trade. A Boston vessel, also, has been overhauled with an assorted cargo on board. This vessel, the name of which I cannot recal at this moment, was fitted out at this port several months ago. Our vigilant District Attorney Hallett, who was ready to bring down the whole military and civil force to secure the kidnapping of one negro in Boston, was moved sufficiently by the intelligence that was given him of this slaver, to procure a warrant and send an officer on board to see after her. Whether he saw after her or she saw after him is not precisely known. Whether he came back with a flea in his ear, or a roll of bank bills in his pocket, is uncertain. Only it is certain that, by some process or other, he was sent back empty—as far as the Laws of the United States are concerned—and the ship went to sea. And the next we hear of her is, that she is taken on the coast of Brazil, by a Brazilian ship, with three hundred and twenty slaves on board, of whom sixty died immediately, a hundred and eighty having been thrown into the sea on the Middle Passage. It has not evolved yet who was the enterprising merchant who undertook this adventure, nor yet the name of his pastor. He must be a respectable man to have been engaged in so extensive an affair—and a pious, or he would surely have been found out. I had always supposed that a ship could not leave a port without the name of her owner being known. But I may be mistaken, as it is not to be supposed that the burning zeal which inspired Mr. Hallett to make such superhuman exertions in the cause of a single negro could flag in that of two hundred and forty murdered out of fifty. To be sure, the safety of the Union is not involved in this matter, and it has no very immediate bearings upon the next Presidential Election. In which case he is certainly perfectly excusable not to "fash his head," as the Scotch say, about a trifle like that.

D. Y.

Summary.

"INSPECTOR," of the *New York Courier and Inquirer*, says that an honourable correspondence is in progress between Mr. Damrell of Massachusetts and two Southern members.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.—The negro, owned by the *Rev.* J. H. Christian, who murdered Mr. Harwood, of Charles City County, a few days since, was tried on the 21st ult. and condemned to be hung.—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*

SHOULD N'T WONDER.—John Little, a fugitive slave, who went into the Canadian woods without a dollar, raised crops the last year that will bring him $2,400! He thinks he will be able to "take care of himself."

RECAPTURE OF RUNAWAY SLAVES.—The three slaves of Mr. Horace Luckett, of Loudoun, who lately ran away, were recaptured near Boonsboro', Md., a day or two since, about twelve to fourteen miles from the Pennsylvania line.—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*

The grand jury did not find a bill against Mr. Rust for his assault on Mr. Greeley. The *Washington Star* says it is not customary for the Courts to notice these "little affairs," but leave people to settle them in their own way. Mr. Greeley took no part in the complaint against his assailant.

A WOMAN SENTENCED TO BE HUNG.—At the late session of the Lyon (Ky.) Circuit Court, Mrs. Durham was convicted of murder in the first degree. The murder, in which she was an accomplice of her husband, took place several years since near Stacker's furnace. Her husband was convicted, but escaped.

New Orleans has three coloured Methodist Episcopal churches, and three coloured local preachers, who are slaves, as are most of the 1,200 communicants. One is the driver of a dray, another a carpenter, and the third a porter in a wholesale coffee store. Over all is a white pastor appointed by the Louisiana Conference. [And all but the pastor *properly!*]

A great clamour is made about Mr. Pierce's appointment to the office of United States Marshal for Northern California of a professional gambler. But what would people have? Since the United States Marshals have been turned into slave-catchers, how can it be expected that men of respectable character and antecedents can be found to accept the office?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

We do not believe in political preaching. But we think that a clergyman in Warwick made a happy turn last Sunday, when he said, "my brethren, I wish you to vote just as you pray. If you pray for slavery and intemperance, vote for them; if you pray for freedom and temperance, vote for them." We don't know of any way of getting over this, except by saying that politics have no proper place in the pulpit.—*Providence Journal.*

KIDNAPPING IN CANADA.—The *American Missionary* says the Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss, who has been labouring among the coloured people of Canada, meets with much success. Mr. Hotchkiss says he fears there has been one man "kidnapped" from Canada recently, under the pretence that he was a fugitive from justice. This is a mode of regaining their fugitive slaves practised some years ago by slaveholders, but put a stop to by the British government.

A bill has passed the Legislature of Kentucky to raise a sum of money by special tax for the purpose of keeping a patrol along the bank of the Ohio river, to prevent the escape of slaves. The injustice of such a tax is seen in the fact that there are in Kentucky only 38,456 slaveholders, who own 210,981 slaves. While there are 722,957 non-slaveholders who of course own a large amount of the property, real and personal, in the State. The bill proposes to tax the property of these 700,000 non-slaveholders for the especial and exclusive benefit of the 40,000. The patrol will be of very little service, because the negroes are so fertile in inventions.

KIDNAPPING.—Two men, named Orr and Simpkins, have been arrested at St. Louis charged with the kidnapping of two coloured lads in Cincinnati, whom they had been trying to sell as slaves in Missouri. The policeman had much difficulty in persuading the boys to speak freely, they were so fearful their masters would overbear, but at length they told their story.

"The younger stated that his name was Wm. Ralls, and that he had lived in an alley in Walnut street, Cincinnati, and near the house of the firm of E. Poe, & Co.; that his father had been a drayman of Poe & Co., but was now in Mount Vernon, Ohio. The elder said his name was Alfred Logan, and that he lived in the same alley with the other boy, when they were both kidnapped by Mr. Orr."

RIGHTS OF COLOURED MEN IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—We find in the Boston *Atlas* the following letter from Hon. Mark Trafton:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Washington, March 19, 1856.

To the Editors of the Atlas: My attention has just now been called to an article in the *Atlas*, censuring me for a motion I am accused of having made in the Committee on the District of Columbia, allowing negroes to vote in the district. Allow me to say that no motion of the kind has been made by me or any one else. I think, however, you will agree with me, that if the coloured citizens of a State are *taxed* to sustain government, they suould have a voice in the enactment of the laws which govern them. Either do not tax them, or allow them the privilege of the elective franchise.

Yours, &c. M. TRAFTON.

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.—The last chapter in the history of the tragedy involving the death of Stevens, clerk of the Ohio Belle, and the disappearance of the murderer, has not yet been made public in this locality. The *Memphis Whig* says that after the murder was committed, the man Jones, the perpetrator, was beaten and tortured inhumanly by the crew and passengers, and that he was then thrown overboard, with two heavy iron weights tied around his neck, and drowned like a dog!

A story was then gotten up and published far and wide, accounting for the disappearance of Jones by saying that he managed to elude the guard that was appointed to watch him, jumped overboard, and swam ashore. The *Whig* severely denounces the officers of the boat, in which we join, by permitting the barbarous act to be perpetrated. We hope all concerned in the outrage, may be severely punished.—*St. Louis Intelligencer.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—A correspondent, says the *Lancaster (Pa.) Express*, sends us the following interesting and important extract of a letter from Thomas Jefferson to Gen. Smith, dated May 3, 1818. Having spoken of spirituous liquors, &c., as an article of revenue and commerce, he adds as follows:

"But the prostration of body and mind which the cheapness of liquor (whiskey) is spreading through the mass of our citizens, now calls the attention of the legislator on a very different principle. One of his most important duties is, as guardian of those who cannot take care of themselves; such are minors, maniacs, gamblers, and drunkards. The last, i. e., drunkards, require restrictive measures to save them from the fatal infatuation under which he is destroying his health, his morals, his family, and his usefulness to society."

Thus it will be perceived that the great Apostle of Liberty, the father of Democracy, the venerated author of the declaration of our independence, was (what some of those who at this day call themselves his disciples) called a "fanatic" on the subject of intemperance as well as on the slavery question.

A JEFFERSON DEMOCRAT.

MAPLE SUGAR.—The present is the commencement of the sugar-making season in New England—though maple sugar is not confined to the North-Eastern States, but the trees flourish in the greater part of the Northern States, and the crop in 1855 was estimated at $2,720,000 in value. It is a cheap and ready substitute for sugar from the cane, and though not so good, yet a maple grove upon a farm, where the land is cheap, is a very important acquisition. If sugar and molasses increase in value, as they have and may, the farmers of New England will give more attention to the growing of maples, and the making of sugar. A better substitute, however, for the cane, but one which requires more capital, labour, and skill, is the sugar-beet, that is so extensively cultivated in France. It would seem as though in the Western States, the supply of sugar from this source, should the root be introduced into this country, would be boundless; and the occupation and wealth it would supply to farmers of the interior, are worth consideration. The Mormons have gone into the business extensively. They have the best qualities of roots, with the mills and refineries needed, and will soon supply themselves with sugar; so might the whole country do; we need not be at all dependent upon the foreign article.—*Newburyport Herald.*

THE COLOURED PEOPLE OF RHODE ISLAND.—In Rhode Island, the coloured people seem to be doing as much, if not more, for their own elevation, than is being done in any other State in the Union. This is doubtless owing to the fact, that in that State there are a great number of mechanics among them, according to the number of inhabitants, than is to be found elsewhere. Carpenters, joiners, cabinet-makers, blacksmiths, printers, and men of various other trades, as well as a large number of farmers, are among the comparatively small population. The most finished designer and pattern-maker in the State, is Mr. John Mason, of Providence, a man who enjoys the respect and confidence of the entire white population, as well as those of his own colour. As a matter of course, these trades instil into their minds energy and a taste for intellectual pursuits. "The Rachel Club," a literary association of Providence, holds its weekly meetings, at which choice selections from approved authors are read or recited by both male and female members.

We had the good fortune, last week, of attending a dramatic exhibition of the above Society, and must confess that we were agreeably disappointed. The characters were well sustained throughout, and some of the acting would have done credit to professional artists. As self-elevation is, after all, the great means by which the mass of mankind is to arrive at a high state of cultivation, we hope the noble example set by the Rhode Islanders will be followed by the coloured population of the

Miscellaneous Department.

PENN AND MACAULAY.

"Speech is silver; silence is gold," says the proverb; but, the silence of Mr. Macaulay at the charges brought and, it appears to us, sustained against him by Mr. Dixon, is, in no way, so precious: it has more of stubbornness than of price. The eleventh edition of Mr. Macaulay's 'History of England" still carries in its pages the grossest misrepresentations of the character of William Penn; calumnies the most unsupported. These scandals have been most clearly, most ably refuted by Mr. Dixon; nevertheless, the great Whig historical painter, in his sublime stubbornness, refuses to do the tardiest act of justice to ink-bespattered Penn. "I give thee sixpence!" says Canning's friend of humanity to the knifegrinder. "I'll see thee d—d first." "I do you justice!" says Mr. Macaulay to Penn, in most eloquent silence; "I'll see you" in the same predicament with the knifegrinder.

A new edition of Mr. Dixon's life of Penn is called for, and the biographer, with a proper veneration for truth and the character of his hero, takes every pains to cleanse William Penn from the mud flung upon his drab by Mr. Macaulay: from under the hands of Mr. Dixon, Penn stands out the cleanest of Quakers.

"In the eleventh edition of his 'History of England' (writes Mr. Dixon, of Macaulay), bearing the date of 1856, Penn still appears as the pardon-broker who accepted an infamous commission from the maids of honour—as the agent employed to seduce Kiffin—as endeavouring to persuade the Prince of Orange to support the declaration of indulgence—as a tool of the Jesuits—and as trying to corrupt the fellows of Magdalen. Not a word is withdrawn. No charge is softened. All proofs of mistake are overlooked. In the third and fourth volumes of the 'History of England' the same principle of incessant accusation prevails. Every reference to Penn is accompanied by an epithet. His conduct is spoken of as 'scandalous'—his life as 'unfavourable to moral purity'—his word as 'a falsehood.' Yet, from first to last, not one *fact* inconsistent with the highest character and the purest principle is proved against Penn. To make this assertion clear, I must rely upon the whole case as it stands in the four volumes of Mr. Macaulay's 'History of England.'"

Mr. Dixon takes these charges one by one, and one by one demolishes them: at the touch of his pen the bubbles—of dirtiest soap and water—are broken:

"The first accusation is the most serious. When the Duke of Monmouth arrived at Taunton, he found the town already pledged to his cause. A set of royal standards had been wrought at the public expense, by the daughters of some of the chief families in the place. The ceremony of presenting these standards was one of the most important acts of the rebellion. At the head of a procession, the schoolmistress carried the emblems of royal power—the Bible and the sword; and the royal banner was presented to the duke as to their sovereign. Monmouth assumed the title of king, set a price upon James's head, and proclaimed the parliament, then sitting at Westminster, a treasonable convention, to be pursued with war and destruction. Such a series of public acts might very well rouse the vengeance of a more amiable prince than James. The insanity cost Monmouth his head, and erected a gibbet for hundreds of his unhappy partisans. The poor school-girls had taken a prominent part in the rebellion; and when the day of retribution came, the law was against them. The fault was the fault of their friends, and the punishment awarded fell on their friends. The price of their pardons was given to the maids of honour. It is to be remembered that the sale of pardons was in that age a regular business. From the king in his closet to the link-boy or porter at his gate, almost every man and woman connected with the court sold its secrets or its influence. The young girls about the Queen, when they requested the Duke of Somerset to get the affair of the pardons arranged for them, had no conception of the horrid wickedness of this brokerage. Somerset wrote to Sir Francis Warre, member for Bridgwater, asking him as a personal favour to see the parents, as being a neighbour, and likely to be known to them, or to name some proper agent who might arrange the business. Warre had no wish to be mixed up with the affair. He replied that it was already in proper hands—those of Bird, the town-clerk. For some unknown reason the maids of honour forbade this agent to proceed. Warre was again written to; but he refused to name a broker, on the ground that the schoolmistress was a woman of mean birth, and that the young ladies were acting at the time under her orders. A proper agent was, however, at hand. Brent, who was a popish lawyer, and a broker in pardons—as many entries in the 'Secret Service of Charles II. and James II." prove—undertook the commission. He employed Crane of Bridgwater, as his local agent; and they arranged the business with the friends of the poor girl, as Oldmixon, the best of authorities on such a point, relates in his 'History of the Suarts.' Such work as this pardon-selling rendered Brent extremely unpopular; and when James fled from Whitehall, Brent was arrested by order of the privy council. So ended the affair. So contemporary historians recorded the result. No one dreamed of connecting any other name with the transaction, until Sir James Mackintosh happened to find in a letter book, in the state paper office, the following copy of a letter:

"'Whitehall, Febry. 13, 1685-6.

"'Mr. Penne: Her Majesties Maids of Honour having acquainted me that they designe to employ you and Mr. Walden in making a composition with the relations of the Maids of Taunton for the high misdemeanour they have been guilty of, I do at their request hereby let you know that his Majesty has been pleased to give their fines to the said maids of honour, and therefore recommend it to Mr. Walden and you to make the most advantageous composition you can make in their behalfe.

"'I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"'Sunderland.'"

In damaging answer to this, Mr. Dixon says:

"Mackintosh's inference that Sunderland's letter was addressed to William Penn—an inference adopted by Mr. Macaulay—admits of the clearest disproof. It was written to George Penne, a man who was a pardon-broker and a gamester. After the bloody assizes, this George Penne went down to Somersetshire, entered into correspondence with the friends of persons in trouble, and sold pardons to them. Of this man's existence—of his selling pardons to the Taunton rebels—of his general character—there is abundant evidence. Among the papers of the Pinney family, still preserved at Somerton Erlegh-house, is a cash-book of the period, containing this entry:

"'Bristol, Sep. 1685. Mr. John Pinney is debitor to money pd Geo. Penne, Esq., for the ransom of my Bror, Aza. August, 1685. . . . . £65.'

"Aza Pinney was one of the persons compromised with Monmouth. The entry relating to this ransom was found, some years ago, by Mr. Roberts, and was published by him in his 'Life of Monmouth.' The entry spoke for itself. Here was a 'Mr. Penne'—a pardon-broker, found in Somersetshire at the close of the assizes, actually engaged in selling pardons. Time, place, occupation—everything, down to the spelling of his name—pointed him out as the pardon-broker addressed by Sunderland. His connection with the court might have been assumed, if it could not have been proved. Unhappily, Mr. Roberts had too much faith in Mackintosh. He found in that writer a false statement about William Penn being an agent for the maids of honour; and, although he printed the entry from the 'Pinney Cash-book' as he found it, 'Geo. Penne, Esq.,' he added a doubt of his own, whether the agent whose name he had found was not a mistake—a clerical error on the part of Mr. Pinney—while the real agent was the famous Quaker. Mr. Roberts is now perfectly convinced that in adopting Mackintosh's reference he was wrong. But the case does not rest upon the Pinney Papers. Other evidence exists. The books of the privy council contain the following entry:

"'Nov. 25th, 1687.

"'George Penne: Upon reading the petition of Geo. Penne, gent., setting forth that his family having been great sufferers for their loyalty, he humbly begs that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to grant him a patent for the sole exercising the royal Oake lottery, and licensing all other games, in his Majesty's plantations in America, for twenty-one years. His Majesty in council is pleased to refer this matter to the consideration of the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and upon what their lordships report of what is fit to be done therein for the petitioner, his Majesty will declare his further pleasure.'

"This entry supplies the last proof required. The existence of the Geo. Penne of the Pinney Papers, and of Lord Sunderland's letter, is here demonstrated. His fortunes have not prospered. He begs for a reward; and, with a fine appreciation of his services to the court, he asks for a patent of the gaming-tables of America. His case is referred to the lords of the treasury; but the lords of the treasury are in no hurry to report on the claim; and no further mention is made in the council-books of 'George Penne,' actual pardon-broker in Somersetshire, and would-be master of the lottery in New England."

All the other charges brought by Mr. Macaulay against Penn, are demolished by his biographer in the like satisfactory manner; hence, the indifference of Mr. Macaulay to the clearest evidence of his errors, to say the least of them, is the very wilfulness of injustice. In such a case silence is *not* gold, but brass.

Mr. Dixon has done excellent service to the memory of Penn and to historic truth by the zealousness with which he has sought out the facts that purify Penn, and the dignified temper with which, in this last edition of his work, he has stated them.—*Lloyd's London Weekly.*

Scotland was the scene of a most terrible snow storm in 1794, which is the most extraordinary one of which there is any record. In one single night snow fell to the depth of eight or ten feet, and in some places the most lofty trees were entirely covered. By this one night's storm seventeen shepherds lost their lives, and thousands of sheep, besides other animals, were destroyed.

MADAME PIOZZI.

Lady Morgan desires (says the *London Athenæum*) to add her testimony against the careless reporting of "The Table-Talk of Rogers," as the following lively note will show. We are delighted to receive this fresh proof of the continued vigour and vivacity of the accomplished authoress.

"11 William Street, Albert Gate, Feb. 28.

"May I presume to add my humble testimony to that of a name so respected as Hamilton Gray, denying the assertion made in 'Rogers's Table-Talk,' that Mrs. Thrale (Madame Piozzi) was neglected by her daughters, who refused to see her, &c. I had the honour of knowing Mrs. Thrale, and I owed that distinction to her daughter Viscountess Keith, who, in the palmy days of my young life and authorship, wrote me a note, requesting 'I would give her dear mother the gratification of knowing the author of "The Wild Irish Girl"'—I quote the words, which were at once entered on the record of pleasant remembrances, and never forgotten. The note was accompanied by an invitation to dinner. I was invited over the pages of 'Boswell's Johnson' from my childhood, I was fresh from the perusal of Mrs. Thrale's own delightful work, 'British Synonyms'; and so I went, all fluttered and flattered, to my distinguished *rendezvous*. The party assembled at Lord Keith's table were, Lord and Lady Coventry (the blind Lord Coventry), Sir Lucas Pepys, Lord Cochrane (the hero of the day), the Hon. Miss Elphinston Mercer (now Countess Flahaut Baroness Keith), and some foreign ministers—but I only had eyes and ears for Madame Piozzi, who received me with the most encouraging attention. She was a very brilliant looking old lady (if such women can grow old). Her dress, though black, was singularly elegant, and none of the resources of the toilet had been neglected. Her manner had all the graceful ease which distinguished the English women of fashion of that day, and she conversed with the foreign guests, each in his own language, with familiarity and precision. She took great pains to draw me out, but as I was a little afraid of my brogue, I kept myself within the bounds of the 'English pale,' with a discretion neither natural nor national. Mrs. Piozzi was, during the whole evening, the object of the most affectionate attention from her daughter, and of admiring curiosity to the company. Both as guest and as mother she appeared not a little excited by her happy position. I have since had the honour up to the present moment of enjoying the friendship of one of her surviving and highly accomplished daughters. I take this opportunity to enter my protest in your columns against those habits of careless assertion, derogatory gossip about distinguished characters, living or dead, in whom the world takes an interest; in this instance, the reproaches aimed at the daughters (which would naturally, if true, fall back upon the mother) are *utterly* false. The marriage of Mrs. Thrale with Gabriel Piozzi, Esq., was not only distasteful to some members of her family, but particularly so to more than one of the literary aspirants who formed her *entourage* at Streatham, among whom the most acrimonious was Dr. Johnson and 'little Queeny,' and her co-heiress sisters who had been dandled on the knees of the great Censor might have imbibed prejudices from one whose dogmas were considered as 'truths divine.' Signor Piozzi was, by birth, a man of illustrious descent, but, alas! by necessity, a professional artist, and, knowing that '*L'oreille est la chemise du cœur*,' he applied his experience with the happiest results, and became eventually the lord of some of the demesnes of the ancient house of Salusbury in Wales, which are at present in the possession of his grand-nephew the Rev. Sir John Piozzi Salusbury, of Brynbella.

So should desert in *arts* be crowned!

On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi from a long visit in Italy, their youngest daughter, then in her ninth year, accompanied them to Streatham, and, shortly after, a general family reconciliation took place, and Streatham once more became the Temple of the Muses, though another race of votaries had sprung up, and another 'Sam,' although less redoubtable than the first, became an *habitué* of the groves of Clapham, where he gathered his early laurels and pursued at once

Those best of passions, love and fame;

for, ere the young resident co-heiress had attained her fifteenth year, Mr. Rogers had made a formal proposition for her hand and—fortune. She answered the proposition by a portrait worthy of—H. B., and was tapped on the cheek for her *espièglerie* by the old dramatist, Arthur Murphy, with the observation that she was 'a saucy girl.'

The heart that has truly loved never *forgives*,
But as truly *hates* on *at* the close.

Some fifty or sixty years afterwards the venerable poet pleaded the same cause to a young nymph who was not an heiress, and was answered through the same pencilled medium from whose protographic truth there was no appeal. Considering the intimacy of Rogers at the mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi, it is extraordinary that no allusion is made to it in the 'Table-Talk'; perhaps it was not calculated to fill an appropriate place in the 'Pleasures of Memory.' I have the honour to be, &c.

"Sydney Morgan."

SAMUEL ROGERS'S TABLE TALK.

From The London Leader.

[second article.]

We resume our notice of this pleasant volume, and may begin by some theatrical glimpses:

"I saw Garrick act only once—the part of Ranger in *The Suspicious Husband*.' I remember that there was a great crowd, and that we waited long in a dark passage of the theatre, on our way to the pit. I was then a little boy. My father had promised to take me to see Garrick in Lear; but a fit of the mumps kept me at home.

"Before his going abroad, Garrick's attractions had much decreased; Sir William Weller Peys said that the pit was often almost empty. But, on his return to England, people were mad about seeing him; and Sir George Beamont and several others used frequently to get admission into the pit before the doors were opened to the public, by means of bribing the attendants, who bade them 'be sure, as soon as the crowd rushed in, to pretend to be in a great heat, and to wipe their faces, as if they had just been struggling for entrance.'

"Jack Bannister told me that, one night, he was behind the scenes of the theatre when Garrick was playing Lear; and that the tones in which Garrick uttered the words, 'O fool, I shall go mad!' absolutely thrilled him.

"Garrick used to pay an annual visit to Lord Spencer at Althorp; where, after tea, he generally entertained the company by reading scenes from Shakspeare. Thomas Grenville, who met him there, told me that Garrick would steal anxious glances at the faces of his audience, to perceive what effect his reading produced; that, one night, Garrick observed a lady listening to him very attentively, yet never moving a muscle of her countenance; and that, speaking of her next day, he said, 'She seems a very worthy person: but I hope that—that—that she won't be present at my reading to-night.' Another evening, at Althorp, when Garrick was about to exhibit some particular stage-effect on which they had been talking, a young gentleman got up and placed the candles upon the floor, that the light might be thrown on his face as from the lamps in the theatre. Garrick, displeased at his officiousness, immediately sat down again."

Of Mrs. Siddons we read:

"After she had left the stage, Mrs. Siddons, from the want of excitement, was never happy. When I was sitting with her of an afternoon, she would say, 'Oh, dear! this is the time I used to be thinking of going to the theatre: first came the pleasure of dressing for my part; and then the pleasure of acting it: but that is all over now.'

"When a grand public dinner was given to John Kemble on his quitting the stage, Mrs. Siddons said to me, 'Well, perhaps in the next world women will be more valued than they are in this.' She alluded to the comparatively little sensation which had been produced by her own retirement from the boards: and doubtless she was a far, far greater performer than John Kemble.

"Combe recollected having seen Mrs. Siddons, when a very young woman, standing by the side of her father's stage, and knocking a pair of snuffers against a candlestick, to imitate the sound of a windmill, during the representation of some Harlequin-piece."

Of Byron we hear often, but nothing very new or remarkable, except the following reminiscence of his *Memoir*:

"I remember that it contained this anecdote: on his marriage night, Byron suddenly started out of his first sleep; a taper, which burned in the room, was casting a ruddy glare through the crimson curtains of the bed; and he could not help exclaiming, in a voice so loud that he wakened Lady B., 'Good God, I am surely in hell!'"

There is considerable humour in this reply of Lady Jersey's:

"At a great party given by Henry Hope in Cavendish square, Lady Jersey said she had something particular to tell me; so, not to be interrupted, we went into the gallery. As we were walking along it, we met the Prince of Wales, who, on seeing Lady Jersey, stopped for a moment, and then, drawing himself up, marched past her with a look of the utmost disdain. Lady Jersey returned the look to the full; and, as soon as the Prince was gone, said to me with a smile, 'Didn't I do it well?' I was taking a drive with Lady Jersey in her carriage, when I expressed (with great sincerity) my regret at being unmarried, saying that 'If I had a wife, I should have somebody *to care about me*.' 'Pray, Mr. Rogers,' said Lady J., 'how could you be sure that your wife would not *care more about somebody else than about you?*'"

What a glimpse is this of Moore, and how it explains his journals!

"Moore is a very worthy man, but not a little improvident. His excellent wife contrives to maintain the whole family on a guinea a-week; and he, when in London, thinks nothing of throwing away that sum weekly on hackney-coaches and gloves. I said to him, 'You must have made ten thousand pounds by your musical publications.' He replied, 'More than that.' In short, he has received for his various works nearly thirty thousand pounds. When, owing to the state of his affairs, he found it necessary to *retire* for awhile, I advised him to make Holyrood House his refuge: there he could have lived cheaply and comfortably, with permission to walk about unmolested every Sunday, when he might have dined with Walter Scott or Jeffrey. But he *would* go to Paris; and there he spent about a thousand a year."

Singularly enough we have but few of the numerous good things uttered by Sidney Smith; here are two, both exquisite:

"He said that —— was so fond of contradiction that he would throw up the window, in the middle of the night, and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

"When his physician advised him to 'take a walk upon an empty stomach,' Smith asked, 'Upon whose?'"

Of the Iron Duke there are a few anecdotes; this is worth quoting:

"Of the Duke's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood gave me this instance. He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed-time, when the captain of the vessel came to him, and said, 'It will soon be all over with us.' 'Very well,' answered the Duke, 'then I shall not take off my boots.'"

We have thus run through the volume, quoting as many pages as our conscience will justify; there are more, but the reader must seek them in the volume itself. To these recollections of Rogers are added some recollections of Porson, given by Dr. Maltby to the editor; from these too we may steal a passage.

Porson was not more celebrated for his Greek than for his capacity in drinking. We suspect it was a disease:

"Tooke used to say that 'Porson would drink ink rather than not drink at all.' Indeed, he would drink anything. He was sitting with a gentleman, after dinner, in the chambers of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was then ill and confined to bed. A servant came into the room, sent thither by his master for a bottle of embrocation which was on the chimney-piece. 'I drank it an hour ago,' said Porson."

The great Grecian was seldom witty, but the following is worthy of Sydney Smith or Charles Lamb:

"He said that every man ought to marry *once*. I observed that every man could not afford to maintain a family. 'Oh,' replied he, 'pap is cheap.'"

Very interesting it is to all of us who have toiled painfully, and not without some humiliation, over Thucydides, to learn that a Porson

"confessed to me and the present Bishop of Durham (Maltby) that he knew comparatively little of Thucydides—that, when he read him, he was obliged to mark with a pencil, in almost every page, passages which he did not understand."

And it speaks for his modesty and wisdom—in this case synonymous—that

"He was a great reader of translations, and never wrote a note on any passage of an ancient author without first carefully looking how it had been rendered by the different translators."

It is amusing, though not surprising, to learn that Porson sent Thomas Taylor (the Platonist) several emendations of Plato's text for his translation; but "Taylor, from his ignorance of the Greek language, was unable to use them." People who have puzzled over Taylor's translations may now understand why they were puzzled. While on this subject of translation, it may be worth recording that Rogers once asked Porson how long it would take him to translate the *Iliad* literally correctly into English prose. The answer was, "at least ten years."

THE LAST HEADS OF TEMPLE-BAR.

[From a Lecture by Mr. Peter Cunningham.]

I have known two persons who had seen the "grinning honours" of Temple-bar—one was a lady, the other a gentleman. She was Mrs. Black, the wife of the learned editor of the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and sister of that engraver and publisher whose admiration of Stothard was the means of giving us the glorious engravings of the *Canterbury Pilgrims*. She belonged to a larger class of ladies than those commemorated by the poet who never tell their love—she belonged to that class of ladies who never tell their ages. Now she is no more I will own that my dear friend always appeared to me and to my brothers awfully old. Her dress added to the appearance of age. Her milliner's bill seriously affected (when past seventy) the finances of her husband. She delighted in wearing old flannel dresses, and still older fantastic flannel caps. Still more did she delight in purchasing and *secreting* new and expensive caps, gowns and bonnets. She actually hid dresses in magpie-kind of places; and for the last twenty-five years of her life was from home very rarely more than once a year. Her health was excellent, and her exercise up and down her rooms was constant. I remember her additionally with pleasure, because her envied power of distributing daily two free orders of admission to each of the London theatres—to say nothing of her particular liking for me—enabled me to see that really great actor—my friend, your friend, who has sought in Sherborne that lettered retirement which Garrick sought at Hampton and Kemble at Lausanne, May he long enjoy it. I shall not readily forget the time when I first heard that my dear old friend Mrs. Black had seen what to me (as a boy) appeared so thrilling a sight. I was in Westminster Abbey, in the dusk, when every verger and subverger had disappeared. I was a boy of seven—barely seven—Sir Francis Chantrey and my father were erecting that fine statue of Francis Horner still to be seen in the north transept. That eager and innocent love for historical association which I have ever cherished, and which I shall cultivate and enjoy, was even then strong within me. Before the headless effigy of King Henry V. (in the chapel of the Confessor, then twilight lighted), my father again suddenly stopped (we had seen all that was interesting in the Abbey, for no common man was my conductor). He told the boy of seven and the boy of eleven the story of Henry V., the story of the missing head of the hero of Agincourt. On our way home he enumerated several political executions, adding mysteriously, as if to frighten us, that old Mrs. Black had seen, when a girl, human heads fixed on spikes on Temple-bar. We were both silent. My elder brother (now no more, who has left behind him an historical name) looked with wonder at me; not, I fear, from, at that age, any horror at such public exhibitions, but from wonder at our knowing a person thus privileged. We resolved on asking her about the bar as she had recollected it. We asked—rather he asked, and I looked up askingly. She took us aside, and said (still in the mysterious mop of flannels), "Don't ask me, boys. Why do you ask me?" We then told her, and without any parade of telling the story she had to relate, "Boys, I recollect the scene well! I have seen on that Temple-bar, about which you ask, two human heads—men's heads—traitors' heads—spiked on iron poles. There were two. I saw one fall. Women shrieked as it fell; men, I have heard, shrieked; one woman near me fainted. Yes, I recollect seeing human heads upon Temple-bar." The other person who remembered to have seen human heads upon spikes on Temple-bar was one who has just (at a ripe old age) disappeared from among us; one who enjoyed the pleasures he sang so well till within three years of his death in December last, at the age of ninety-three. I allude to Mr. Rogers. "I well remember (he said) one of the heads of the rebels upon a pole at Temple-bar—a black shapeless lump. Another pole was bare, the head having dropped from it." Mr. Rogers, I take it, was the last surviving person who remembered to have seen a human head on a spike on Temple-bar.—*(London) Empire.*

SKETCH OF JOHN BUNYAN.

To the names of Baxter and Howe must be added the name of a man far below them in station and in acquired knowledge, but in virtue their equal, and in genius their superior—John Bunyan. Bunyan had been bred a tinker, and had served as a private soldier in the Parliamentary army. Early in his life he had been fearfully tortured by remorse for his youthful sins, the worst of which seems, however, to have been such as the world thinks venial. His keen sensibility and his powerful imagination made his internal conflicts singularly terrible. He fancied he was under sentence of reprobation—that he had committed blasphemy against the Holy Ghost—that he had sold Christ—that he was actually possessed by a demon. Sometimes loud voices from heaven cried out to warn him. Sometimes fiends whispered impious suggestions in his ear. He saw visions of distant mountain-tops, on which the sun shone brightly, but from which he was separated by a waste of snow. He felt the devil behind him, pulling his clothes. He thought that the brand of Cain had been set upon him. He feared he was about to break asunder like Judas. His mental agony disordered his health. One day he shook like a man in the palsy. On another day he felt a fire within his breast. It is difficult to understand how he survived suffering so intense and so long continued.

At length the clouds broke. From the depths of despair the penitent passed to a state of serene felicity. An irresistible impulse now urged him to impart to others the blessings of which he was himself possessed. He joined the Baptists and became a preacher and writer. His education had been that of a mechanic. He knew no language but the English, as it was spoken by the common people. He had studied no great model of composition, with the exception—an important exception undoubtedly—of our noble translation of the Bible. His spelling was bad. He frequently transgressed the rules of grammar. Yet the native force of genius, and his experimental knowledge of all the religious passions, from despair to ecstacy, amply supplied in him the want of learning. His rude oratory roused and melted hearers who listened without interest to the laboured discourses of great logicians and Hebraists. His works were widely circulated among the humbler classes. One of them, the Pilgrim's Progress, was, in his own lifetime, translated into several foreign languages. It was, however, scarcely known to the learned and polite, and had been, during near a century, the delight of pious cottagers and artisans before it was publicly commended by any man of high literary eminence.

At length critics condescended to inquire where the secret of so wide and so durable a popularity lay. They were compelled to own that the ignorant multitude had judged more correctly than the learned, and that the despised little book was really a masterpiece. Bunyan is indeed as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakspeare the first of dramatists. Other allegorists have shown equal ingenuity, but no other has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love.

It may be doubted whether any English dissenter had suffered more severely under the penal laws than John Bunyan. Of the twenty-seven years which had elapsed since the Restoration, he had passed twelve in confinement. He still persisted in preaching, but, that he might preach, he was under the necessity of disguising himself like a carter. He was often introduced into meeting through back doors, with a smock frock on his back and a whip in his hand. If he had thought only of his own ease and safety, he would have hailed the indulgence with delight. He was now, at length, free to pray and exhort in open day. His congregation rapidly increased; thousands hung upon his words; and at Bedford, where he originally resided, money was plentifully contributed to build a meeting-house for him. His influence among the common people was such that the Government would willingly have bestowed on him some municipal office; but his vigorous understanding and his stout English heart were proof against all delusion and all temptation. He felt assured that the proffered toleration was merely a bait intended to allure the Puritan party to destruction; nor would he, by accepting a place for which he was not legally qualified, recognise the validity of the dispensing power. One of the last acts of his virtuous life was to decline an interview to which he was invited by an agent of the Government.—*Macaulay.*

AMERICAN POLITICS.

Charivari, the French *Punch*, gives us the following amusing burlesque of American matters.

Thank God, things have turned out in America better than we feared; the Know-Nothings have been conquered on the parliamentary battle-field; their candidate for the presidency of Congress did not obtain the majority, and Mr. Banks has carried the day.

This Mr. Banks is a black man from Massachusetts, and his election is attributed to the effect produced by Uncle Tom. Some persons here, who pretend to know America thoroughly, assure us that before the publication of the romance of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the election of a negro to the presidency of Congress would have been impossible; public opinion would not have permitted it, though slavery does not exist in the Northern States.

But this question is of very little importance to us Europeans. What concerns us is the defeat of the Know-Nothings. One cannot tell what would have happened if their candidate had obtained the presidency of Congress. It is well known how menacing is the aspect of this party to the future of the welfare of Europe. Our journals have often expressed their alarm on this subject. The Know-Nothings are ferocious, half-savage, they have taken as their motto: "America for the Americans," and they not only reject all European influence on American affairs, but deny to the emigrants of the Old World the right to establish themselves upon the American Continent. They are on the watch for all who disembark, and force them by all kinds of ill-treatment to betake themselves again to the sea.

This is what happened lately to the inhabitants of the Principality of Geroldstein.

These unfortunates, by a sudden vagabond fancy, associated themselves together to the number of four hundred, and emigrated to America, leaving their Prince with no other subject than his old valet, the faithful William, whose virtues, long services, and unalterable attachment to his master have rendered him worthy to figure in sentimental comedies.

Several months had passed and the Prince was still unable to console himself for the departure of his four hundred subjects, and every morning he tore his hair in despair and asked his faithful William what was to be done.

The aged William supported his master by his savings, but it became more and more difficult every day.

You can judge, then, of the joy of the Prince and his valet, when, one day, they saw the four hundred Geroldsteinese entering the Principality in as good order as they had left it.

"Good heavens! what is it? what is the matter? what has happened?"

The Geroldsteinese then related that the Know-Nothings had prevented their establishing themselves in America, and had driven them out in the most brutal manner, upon which they had determined to return to their Prince. Their ranks were full. Of the four hundred emigrants only two were missing, whom the Know-Nothings had eaten.

In spite of this little occurrence, the Prince of Geroldstein, in his joy at the recovery of his subjects, blesses the Know-Nothings; but he is the only man in Europe who is thus disposed toward them, saving always, be it understood, the faithful William.

It is a singular circumstance, and worthy of remark, that these same Know-Nothings, who will not allow Europeans at any rate to set foot near them, have the presumption to wish to guide and rule Europe.

M. Proudhomme believes firmly, on the faith of the *Assemblée Nationale*, his favourite journal, that if their candidate had received a majority in Congress an army of Know-Nothings would immediately have embarked for Havre to march upon Paris and reduce us all under their sway; and M. Proudhomme, who is too haughty, and too full of dignity to live under the yoke of a foreigner, had already packed his trunks to expatriate himself.

This was perhaps carrying precaution too far, but the *Assemblée Nationale* is not in the habit of sparing the nerves of its readers. However, the parliamentary check of the Know-Nothings puts it out of their power to execute their projects, and we have gained a little respite.

There is another party in the United States, very dangerous certainly, but which has not given any sign of life contest for the election of a president of Congress. I refer to the Free-Love party, which pretends to abolish all marriage, civil or religious. Why did they not have a candidate? Have they joined the Know-Nothings? The *Univers*, which discovered this party, will give us, we hope, some light upon the subject.—*New York Musical World Translation.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

It is said that Lord Brougham lately, in a playful mood, wrote the following epitaph on himself:

Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches;
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one half my speeches.

—The Jumping Wafer.—The priests in France now announce a new miracle about twice a week. The last is a jump which the "wafer" made, in church, from the hand of a person who ought not to have touched it, to the missal of a very devout lady, and thence into her mouth, which happened, providentially, to be open at the time.

—A Chance for Doctors.—The following advertisement appears in a Paris journal:

"The parents of a young lady, aged 21, handsome, and well educated, and possessing 4,300 francs per annum, but affected by St. Vitus's dance, offer to unite her to a doctor from forty to forty-five years old, who will pay her incessant attention."

—The *Plymouth Journal* says that "one of the late curates of St. Mary's Church, not long since, in instructing the newly 'confirmed' how they were to deport themselves at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which he required them to attend, desired they would 'take the bread in their palms, lest, by an incautious handling between the finger and thumb, they should pinch Christ.'"

—The French papers speak of an important discovery. A great number of autograph letters of Napoleon the First to his mother and to his great uncle, Archdeacon Lucian, is said to have been found in Corsica. They were written in 1785, at the time when young Bonaparte had left Brienne, and entered the Ecole Militaire at Paris, and are all signed "Napoleon di Bonaparte." The possessor of this treasure has repaired to Paris, in order to offer it for sale to the French Government.

—Fall of the Alhambra.—At Granada, in Spain, a few nights ago, a loud noise somewhat resembling thunder aroused a great number of the inhabitants from their slumber. On inquiry, it turned out that one of the largest walls of the Alhambra, that which extends from the tower of Los Picos to the gate of Hierro, had suddenly fallen in. The next day the authorities caused an examination of the ancient palace to be made, and they ascertained that one of the towers and the fortifications near the Hippodrome del Darco was in danger of falling; they accordingly immediately ordered repairs to be commenced in the parts found to be weak.

—How Sabbatarian Petitions are Got Up.—A list of petitions against opening the museum and other exhibitions on Sunday, which fills a space of upwards of 100 pages in the report published lately, is followed by a very extraordinary petition which, if the fact, as alleged, be true, would go far to neutralize the effect of this immense mass of paper. It emanates from Mr. George Jones, of Bristol, builder, and states that certain signatures to the petition from that city against opening the museum and galleries on Sunday have been obtained from infants of tender age and paupers. The total number of petitions, as announced on Wednesday, amounted to 4,286, and the signatures to 531,065, while the counter-petitions are 106 in number, and signed by 18,548 persons.

—Neapolitan War against Beards.—The correspondent of the *Daily News* at Naples, says: "On a recent public occasion his majesty was astonished at the crop of hair displayed on the faces of his subjects, and exclaimed that one might fancy himself in Turin. The beard is therefore doomed, and though the police does its spiriting gently, it does not do it the less effectually. The change in the Neapolitan face within the last fortnight is very perceptible, and no wonder when royalty declares itself an enemy to hair, and commissaries and inspectors tap one on the shoulder and remind you that the face would be vastly improved by being shaven. On Sunday evening a party of five were ordered out of a café, where they were playing cards, into the presence of a commissary and directed to shave. A sixth was let alone because he had divided his beard. The government of the Two Sicilies has an object of course in pursuing this line of conduct, which is no other than that of discouraging the parties who are given to change."

—Gross Imposture.—The *Siècle* announces that three "*Oraisons*," or religious writings, recently printed at Bordeaux, and represented to possess miraculous virtues, have just been forwarded to that journal. The first, it says, bears the declaration that "it was found in the Holy Sepulchre, and that whoever carries it about his person shall be preserved from sudden death, from the plague, and from death by fire"; the second is stated to have been "found at the Holy Sepulchre of Jesus Christ by a priest after having said the holy mass, enveloped in a piece of linen," and it is alleged "that whoever carries it on him need not fear the plague, or to be condemned unjustly, or to die without confession, or to be falsely accused; also that, if possessed by a demon, it will drive him away; and, lastly, that it will cause our Lady of Assistance to appear to him three hours before his death"; and the last, the most wonderful of all, is stated to have been "miraculously found at Jerusalem through the intervention of Our Lord Jesus Christ, written in his own hand in letters of gold, on a piece of linen, and signed by the sign of the Cross"; and it is stated to be "explained by an orphan seven years of age, who never spoke in his life"; but it is not mentioned what specific virtues the wearing of it may possess. The *Siècle* blames the "gross imposture" of such publications.

—Pomps and Vanities of Dust.—An account of the late Duke of Norfolk's funeral appeared in the papers in all the mournful pomp of type. A sad mummy: a spectacle for a death's-head to grin at. A very simple, very foolish man was his late grace, and here he is escorted to the dusty grave with all the ceremonious state of heraldry. There walked *Rouge Croix*, in the person of Mr. Planché, the author of the *Yellow Dwarf*, and other graceful burlesques; there followed *Bluemantle*, *Portcullis*, and other personages—all in place in the middle ages, but in these days of railway and electric telegraphs, surely little better than solemn Tom Noddies. Moreover, in the procession was his Grace's charger! We never heard of the military prowess of the Duke of Norfolk; and therefore presume that his charger was always kept on the peace establishment. We know no one, always save and except the undertakers, who can profit by such shows got up for such departed nobodies. The Duke of Norfolk once, and once only, distinguished himself; becoming by one speech, the most popularly ridiculous man in England. Why was not this event of his life illustrated at his funeral? Why, after this charger on four legs, was there not borne a charger of another sort; namely, a charger filled with curry-powder?—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

—The Rev. John Mitford says, that in the last drive he ever took with Samuel Rogers, when returning by the City-road, the poet pulled the check-string opposite to the Bunhill-fields burial-ground, and then desired his friend to go out. "You see that chapel opposite; go and look carefully at the house which stands there to the left of it, and then come back and get in." This duly performed, Rogers said: "When I was a young man in the banking-house, and my father lived at Newington, I used every day, in going to the City, to pass by this place. One day, in returning, I saw a number of respectable persons of both sexes assembled here, all well-dressed, in mourning, and with very serious look and behaviour. The door of the house was opened, and they entered it in pairs. I thought that without impropriety I might join them, so we all walked up-stairs, and came to a drawing-room, in the midst of which was a table; on this table lay the body of a person dressed in a clergyman's robes, with bands, and his grey hair shading his face on either side. He was of small stature, and his countenance looked like wax. We all moved round the table, some of the party much affected, with our eyes fixed upon the venerable figure that lay before us; and, as we moved on, others came up and succeeded us in like manner. After we had gone the round of the table in our lingering procession, we descended as we came. The person that lay before us was the celebrated John Wesley, and at the earnest request of his congregation, they were permitted to take this pathetic and affectionate farewell of their beloved pastor."

—Curious Geological Discovery.—The new dock at West Hartlepool, which is approaching rapidly towards completion, has, in its progress, revealed several facts of great geological interest. Beneath the mud, sand, and silt of the "pool" or slake—which has extended considerably beyond its present boundary—there exists the remains of an ancient forest, with its timber, trees, and other plants, as they grew and decayed on the spot, forming an accumulation of vegetable matter of considerable thickness. In this, besides the hazel nuts in great number and perfection, we are not surprised to find the antlers and harder portions of the stag—the hart of olden time; portions of the skull of an ox have also been found. The level of this forest is now nearly that of low water, consequently below the present sea drainage. Beneath the forest is the blue clay (the earth in which the trees grew), there is a thick bed of clay, sand, silt and gravel—having numerous embedded boulders of water-worn stones, many of them of several tons weight. The whole bed is the well-known "alluvium," "diluvium," or "drift" spread over the country, beneath the soil and above the stone. In cutting the timber pond at the north-west angle of the new dock, which is entirely in this "drift," a portion of the tusk of an elephant was discovered some days ago. The fragment, which is about eighteen inches long, is of that end which has been embedded in the jaw, and exhibits all the ordinary characteristics of such a specimen. This is the first instance within our knowledge of the remains of elephants being found in the county of Durham, but, curious as it is, it should not, as a matter of scientific investigation, excite in us any feelings of surprise, inasmuch as this same "drift" has, in various localities on the Yorkshire coast, produced portions of the tusks and grinders of elephants, which are now preserved in the museums of York